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NORTHERN EXPOSURE



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Tales of the North Country



by

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To my Wife,
ANN,

Constant companion through the years

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Northern Exposure



FOREWORD

When the kingdom of god is complete and the book of reckoning closed, it will be discovered that—at long last—credit will have been duly given for the contribution made to the Church by that faithful and often heroic army of the wives of the clergy.

In city and town, small hamlet and larger village, the gracious lady of the vicarage has witnessed to the power and graciousness of Christian home life.

As a manager, with at times little to manage with, she still takes care of her husband and family; she sets an example in deeds and loving service, and she is the friend and advisor of all the women of the parish. Patient and courteous, gentle yet firm, clergy wives have been a bulwark of strength to the whole community; and their children rise up and call them blessed.

For these and for far more personal reasons, I dedicate this little book to my dear wife, Ann: faithful and constant, the loving mother of our children, self-sacrificing and patient, and long my fellow worker in the Lord.



INTRODUCTION

Before Launching on this simple narrative, I must write a few words of introduction. I must introduce my theme as I must also introduce myself.

My theme is a simple one: the work and life of a pioneer missionary in the Diocese of Algoma, and the experiences consequent on that life. I shall also portray the work and typical simple adventures of a missionary priest in small northern Canadian towns and villages.

Much of the following material was first written for my parish monthly bulletin sent out to my people in my present charge, in northern Wisconsin.

First of all, nothing I have written in the following pages is meant to cast aspersions upon the good, kindhearted, and generous people of Canada. If some incidents dwell on any peculiarity, funny sayings, and mannerisms, no disrespect is intended. Not all the funny people are in Canada; there are just as many funny ones in the good old U.S.A. And if some characters are peculiar, remember that actually very few of us are entirely sane—most of us have quirks and eccentric manners.

With respect to myself, I do not intend to weary you with my biography, but, as a foundation, I think I should say something about myself, without appearing too egotistical, I hope.

Born into an old Church of England family that has given

quite a number of priests to the church, I grew up in a strong church atmosphere. For years I hardly knew that other denominations existed. From the age of eight I lived in the town of Rugby, in Warwickshire, and worshipped in Trinity Church there. There I also attended a church school. However, at first I had no intention of entering into the ministry of the church. I was employed for some time in the telegraph office of the London and North Western Railway, and belonged to the National Union of Railway Men, and shared in the only long general strike ever held in England. I remember receiving two shillings a week as strike pay.

However, the influence of a strong church upbringing finally impelled me to offer myself in some capacity to the work of the church.

At the age of eighteen and a half I went up to London and offered myself to the Church Army, an Anglican layman's mission to workingmen. This big and wonderful society was founded by Prebendary Wilson Carlile, an Anglican priest of saintly character who had a great hunger for the souls of men and women, and who used all means to bring them to Christ. The Church Army has now spread to many parts of the world. I completed the intensive course of training and became a captain in the Church Army, and for a time I was its youngest member.

I had practical experience in all kinds of evangelistic methods. For two years I had charge of the diocese of Wakefield Caravan. I lived like a gypsy, and traveled all over that party of Yorkshire. The van I used was drawn by horses; the farmers or city draymen kindly pulled me from place to place. I had a young man as an assistant, and usually I would stay two weeks in each parish conducting an evangelistic mission.

I spent some time in work among the slums, spoke several times in Hyde Park, visited large factories for lunch-hour services for the men. I also worked among hop pickers on the border of Wales. It was, indeed, a most valuable training, such as I could not have acquired in a theological college.

In 1924, the Archbishop of Algoma, the Most Reverend George Thorneloe, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., came to London seeking seven young men to go out to Canada. Archbishop Thorneloe, Metropolitan of Ontario, was a saint, a scholar and, above all, a missionary. He had refused the bishopric of Ottawa and other easier and better-paid positions to remain a missionary bishop. When over seventy, he was shipwrecked in a storm on Lake Nipigon. Over all the thousands of square miles of his vast diocese, he was known and loved. In Indian village or mining city his name was a byword. When he came around, churches of other denominations would close so that their members might come and hear him preach; the Archbishop was indeed everyone's bishop.

On hearing that this redoubtable missionary was in England, I was inspired to write to him and offer my services. Bishops in England are held in awe and respect. How nervous I was in meeting an archbishop! I remember so well walking up and down for half an hour before the house in Kensington where His Grace was staying. At last I walked up to the big door and rang the bell. A maid opened the door, but right behind her came the Archbishop. All my fears were quickly banished and, closeted in his study, I felt that here indeed was one who was a man of God. He had white hair, a venerable face, piercing eyes; he was short of stature, but radiated vitality. In one short hour, all was settled. The White River Mission had had no missionary for several years—it was a mission running for some one

hundred and fifty miles along the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. White River is the coldest place in Ontario and, with the exception of the northwest territories, the coldest place in Canada.

As well as White River there was Missanabie, Franz, Depew, Nicholson's Siding, Dalton Mills, Mobert, and Heron Bay, as well as remote section houses scattered up and down the area, lumber camps and construction camps.

All of these were to be my pride and joy. How proud I was to have such a responsibility; how eager to enter into the land and possess it. And I was to sail within one month! I would have one village inhabited solely by Red Indians; with the average Englishman's idea of Red Indians, I fingered my scalp lovingly. I had lots of hair in those days.

"Remember," said the Archbishop, "I have nothing to offer you except hard work, just enough to live on, and sometimes not that. But," he added, "you will find the people warm-hearted, devoted, and anxious to receive your ministry."

As I was a layman, I would be under the supervision of my nearest priest. He lived at Chapleau, well over a hundred miles away. Every three months this priest would visit me for the sacramental administrations. As I was used to frequent communions, I felt this to be a real hardship, but if I were deprived, so were my good people.

As I knelt to receive the Archbishop's blessing before my departure to catch the train back to Rugby, I felt that I was a real missionary. My folks were naturally excited about my adventure; they were glad that one of the family was going on the Lord's work to Canada.

I had no trouble in getting excellent references from the Church Army. I arranged for my resignation to take effect in three weeks, and hastened to set my affairs in order. Packing completed, farewells said, and a last walk taken around my favorite haunts in leafy Warwickshire, the hour of my departure was at hand.

SETTING FORTH

On september 18, 1924, at 4:15 p.m., my gallant ship left Southampton and turned her lofty prow towards Cherbourg, then to Queenstown, Ireland, and from thence to Quebec. The ship was the Royal Mail steamer, Melita, meaning Malta, a truly apostolic name, for Saint Paul-the first great missionary-was wrecked on the island of Malta. I felt that the name was a good omen. On a previous voyage of the Melita, the first mate had blown the captain's brains out and was arrested for it. We had a rough passage, but I was not seasick even in the Irish Sea. To the annoyance of the ship's company I never missed a single meal, though others were absent in numbers. One only had to mention "pork chops" to see men and women run to the rail. When one of the ship's officers remarked to one of the passengers "the moon is coming up," the poor fellow clasped his hands to his stomach and ran for the rail.

The sense of fellowship aboard ship is wonderful; in but a few days friendship reaches the highest peak. We took down each other's addresses with assurances of writing to each other. None of us did, however. It was fun while it lasted.

There was a Church of England chaplain on the ship, but I was disappointed in him. He could have had a celebration of Holy Communion every day, but he didn't. He promised us one for Sunday, but alas, could not find his communion

set which had gone in some baggage into the hold. We suggested that he use an ordinary wineglass and a small plate, afterwards throwing them overboard, but he could not be persuaded. The best thing he could do for us was to have morning prayer in the first-class lounge. Some of the Anglicans in third-class and steerage couldn't be persuaded to enter the magnificence of the first-class quarters, so the poor dears didn't get even morning prayer. There was real indignation at such poor provision for church ministrations to us hardy mariners.

It was fun watching the porpoises rolling about in the wake of the ship. It was also fun guessing the number of knots the boat would make each day, though I did not cover my surmisings with cash. On the morning we were told we would sight land, explorer Warder stood with folded arms; so stood stout Cortez to sight the broad Pacific. At five A.M., the little line we had watched resolved itself into land. It was Belle Isle, then a chunk of Labrador. Later on we saw the island of Anticosti. Our first ambassador from the New World was a good old crow; we had had the sea gulls with us on and off all the way.

I retired to my cabin and prayed that God would bless my ministrations to those who looked for my coming to let them, who were far from their fathers in a strange land, know that Mother Church remembered them enough to send me to tell them of Jesus and His love. And I prayed that I might be worthy of the solemn charge laid upon me.

The *Melita* now sailed for over a day up the beautiful St. Lawrence River. I strained my eyes taking in the new scenes. Sometimes we sailed so close to shore I could distinguish the little white houses and churches. It was the first time I had seen a wooden house, and wooden churches were still more of a curiosity.

At this time I received a cablegram from the Archbishop in which he changed my plans. Instead of proceeding into the interior I was to go to a place called Coniston to spend a time with the missionary there who had been previously a White River mission priest. I would receive advice from him, also some simple books on the Ojibway and Cree Indian language, as my entire Indian vocabulary consisted of two words, "ugg" and "how." I had wondered how I was to exhort them in the truths of the gospel.

The ancient city of Quebec was a most imposing sight, the Chateau Frontenac looking like a medieval castle. Here the first-class passengers were disembarked, and they were adjudged such superior mortals as not to require vaccination or physical examination; such are the advantages of wealth, they apparently could not carry infection. We humble creatures must be looked over. I was tipped off to pinch and redden up my old vaccination marks. This I did, and I was not jabbed in the arm.

The ship now proceeded on to Montreal where we were landed, and were herded into cages for further checking. This did not take too long. Then a jolly bloke in uniform handed each of us fifteen dollars, a gift from the government of Canada. I trousered mine promptly with much gratitude, for, in truth, I was nearly broke.

We were now met by the Church of England port chaplain. Mother Church was on the job. He took me and the other Church of England immigrants to the hostel where free hospitality was given us. It was a wonderful feeling to have such a kind welcome. There were a few hours before the train left, so I ventured out into the city of Montreal. Here I encountered the French language; in fact, the one chap who spoke English was out of the city that day. The only French I knew was "can you speak French—Parlez vous

Francais?", but that seemed a silly question to ask a Frenchman, so I didn't venture any conversation.

I went to a fruit store, asked for bananas and meekly accepted a bag of apples. At another store I made a vain attempt to buy monkey nuts (in England, peanuts are called monkey nuts), but I was assailed by such an outpouring of impassioned French that I fled in dismay. I got on my train, and such a huge train it was. I was puzzled by the constant ringing of a church bell; I strained my eyes in vain for churches, only to discover the bell was on the engine! It was September 28th and I had my first feast of Canadian fall colors. They were breath-taking. Scarlet-flaming maple, golden birch, and dark spruce spires setting off the colors to perfection. Brilliant blue lakes, set in magnificent color. Then the sun went in, clouds came up, and soon it actually started to snow. It was only a flurry, but it was my first Canadian snow. With the money saved by not going on to White River I was able to afford a sleeping berth. It was a grand feeling, sleeping on a train.

I arrived at Coniston on the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels. Sunday morning the priest met me, and I was soon in the church helping with my first church service on Canadian soil.

The Feast of St. Michael is one of my favorite church festivals, and it was harvest festival too. The church was decorated with colored leaves, fruit and flowers. It looked so lovely and so like home.

In the congregation I met my first "Mounty." He was resplendent in his scarlet, and—thrill of thrills—I shook hands with my first Indian!

GETTING ACQUAINTED

I SPENT NEARLY TWO WEEKS BEING indoctrinated at Coniston. I was impatiently champing on the bit—anxious to be on my way. My kind hosts sensed my anxiety and placed me on the Vancouver express. It was Sunday, and I promised to stop off at Biscotasing and take a service for the missionary. After I left Biscotasing I would be heading for my own hunting grounds, my mission area, and I would then actually commence my ministry.

On the train I learned from a fellow traveler that White River was indeed one of the coldest places in Canada. It could be even seventy below zero in a playful mood. Bear, moose and wolves were plentiful there; also there was good fishing—all of which I noted.

I stayed at the Biscotasing Hotel, and had evensong in the little church. It was filled to capacity; the singing was wonderful. The place was a small lumbering settlement, also headquarters for trappers. The hotel was nice and clean, with a lovely bed, good meals, congenial company and no bill. I thus experienced my first taste of northern hospitality. Very seldom is a missionary charged for bed and board. I also discovered another fact: the great transcontinental trains would actually stop to pick a missionary up. The agent flagged down number seven, the continental express, for me. How important I felt as the great train slowed down to pick up little me. I was indeed to find the Cana-

dian Pacific Railway a friend on many occasion. When I say the train slowed down, I mean it did not actually always come to a full stop. I got to be quite expert in jumping on moving trains and jumping off.

Again I witnessed the landscape in the morning ablaze with colors, studded with blue lakes set off against somber forests of dark spruce. This then was Canada, the great north country. The train slowed down to drop me off at my first mission station, Nicholson's Siding. I had arrived.

Mr. Nicholson had started with very little, but had built up a fortune in the woods. He was a member of the church, and very active in it. It happened that he was in the office when I arrived, a fine unassuming man who greeted me with a hearty handshake! All missionaries were welcome. There was a little mission hall with a room attached for the missionary, complete with bed and blankets, a stove, cupboard with dishes, canned goods, tea and coffee. It was always kept stocked up for the preacher.

Well, to work! I must have a service tonight. First, I made up small signs on a writing pad: "Church tonight at eight P.M. Everybody welcome. Come and join in." I wrote quite a few of these and stuck them up where they would catch the men's eyes, and on the company bulletin board which was the newspaper of the camp. Next I visited each of the few homes. I got three invitations to supper. Then I went everywhere visiting the men. I went here and there. They were too busy to stop long; just for a handshake and an invitation to church. I had a wonderful reception, one man volunteering the information that his mother was "English Church. High English she is," he said.

As the hour of eight drew near, I wondered: would there be a congregation? Anxious moments passed. A small boy appeared. He viewed me in silence for a moment and then

remarked: "They always sound the gong on the cookhouse for meetin's." Down I went and smote the big, iron triangle. Then the men started to come out of the bunk houses. I was as delighted as a Missouri politician. I shook their hands coming in, and shook them coming out. The ladies sat at the back. I noticed it was always "ladies" in the North—not "women." The men of the lakes and forests treat women with Old World courtesy.

My first service in my new mission! The little room was pretty full—such hearty singing of old-fashioned gospel hymns, Bible reading, psalms and prayers! It was an enthusiastic congregation with no crowding to the back, like they do in city churches, and the front seats were taken first of all. I gave plain talk about the love of God for every one of them and offered prayers for loved ones back home. Since every kind of religion was represented there, who cared? Yes, the Roman Catholic timekeeper was present, singing as heartily as any. I had decided in my own mind not to have any collections at camp meetings, but one chap decided that "church wer'nt church without no collection." He stood at the door with his hat. It was evidently the men's own idea. I never did take up a collection, but someone always did, and they left their offering in a place where I could find it.

I was so cheered up at the nice service and apparant appreciation of the men that I went around to each bunk house. Most had retired to bed early, but we soon had a little group of men engaged in that favorite pastime—"discussing religion." Then I went to one of the homes and had a nice lunch before I retired to my quarters. I was happy, indeed, as I pulled the blankets up and went to sleep.

When the train dropped me at Dalton Mills, I learned that the settlement was three miles from the railway station. I got a ride on the company's car, which was a Ford car

fitted with flanged wheels which ran on a railway track. The "universal car," as Fords are called, made good time. There were two trappers with me. They were "grubstaked" and all set to go off to the bush for some months. They would not come out of the forests until the spring. What enormous packs they handled, these big, self-reliant men.

Dalton Mills was a new settlement; everything about it was new including myself. The houses were all new, and a good number of English families had recently arrived; also some French from the Province of Quebec. The English were a bit homesick. The Frenchmen were put out and refused meals because they discovered their food was cooked with "popple" wood. The French are quite superstitious, and there is a legend that the poplar tree was the tree the Cross was made of.

Our church was blessed with a schoolmaster. He was an M.A. from the University of Manchester. He had started church services and a Sunday school. How glad he was to welcome me! I dined liberally on moose meat; then I went visiting, and in the course of various conversations mentioned that I had dined on moose. When I arrived at the game and fisheries man's house, his good wife wondered if I knew that moose was out of season!

In the course of conversation with the schoolmaster, I must confess that the green-eyed monster of jealousy arose when he suggested that I get him the Archbishop's license to officiate in Dalton Mills and Nicholson's Siding. I, however, did not intend to give up one inch of my ecclesiastical jurisdiction. However, we worked happily together; he was a great help to me and took many services and built up a big Sunday school.

I visited all of the English-speaking families, and we had a wonderful service in the school. Mr. Snowden, the schoolmaster, had purchased prayer and hymn books; there were lots of children present.

The big, dark, spruce forest lay all around the settlement, and—viewing the fresh, rosy complexions of the children, many of them so recently from England—I could not but think that the old days of hardy pioneering were not yet finished.

I found there was real homesickness among the new settlers, especially among the women. I have learned that homesickness can be a terrible thing. One summer I was on Lake Nipigon where two women committed suicide within a few miles of each other. On another occaison I was called to a lonely cabin where a poor woman had hung herself. She was from the heart of London, and was left all alone for a month at a time.

The Dalton Mills Hotel was exactly square in shape. It was so new that it smelt of fresh, new pine. I have had various adventures in hotels. In these pioneer places, things are so much more free and easy than in the towns and cities. It was the custom on arriving late at a hotel just to register yourself, then find a room or a bed for yourself. An unoccupied room or bed was to be preferred but, on a cold night at a pinch, one was glad to share a bed with another. The only light would be from coal oil lamps that were turned down. These lamps were in the halls. My career as a missionary nearly came to an early end in the Dalton Mills Hotel, on a second visit to the place.

I had registered; no one was in evidence. It was quite late and all were in bed. I found a room—did not bother to light the lamp as the hall lamp gave a dim glow in the room. I undressed in the dark but on attempting to get into bed, blood-curdling yells proved that it already had an occupant, and that a young lady! One does not expect to encounter

ladies in camp hotels. People woke up, heads were thrust out of doors. Was murder being done in number seven? We bounced out into the hall. The appearance of the owner, Mike Mahaffy, added to the scene. I felt such a chump. Well, it seemed that explanations were in order, and eventually we all got settled down again.

My first visit to Dalton Mills being over, I had to walk three miles the following morning to the station, just a short walk on a lovely day. A lovely day it was, but I was carrying a heavy suitcase; moreover I was heavily clad. I was bathed in perspiration; I was keeping a weather eye out for bears and wolves. The English movies I had imbibed as a boy had portrayed the great North as a land swarming with ravenous beasts who were never happier than when pursuing juicy missionaries. My good relations had resolved that, come what might, I would never perish with the cold. I had a fur hat, fur mitts, a huge overcoat lined with imitation leopard skin, and fleece-lined underwear. And here I was, in October at seventy degrees or more in the shade, staggering in fur and fleece. I now understood why hardy Canadians had asked me how Peary was making out at the Pole when I left him!

I caught my train and was soon on my way to the next mission which was the Indian village of Missanabie. I arrived, and the village met my fondest expectations. It was nestling on the shores of a lovely blue lake surrounded by forests of black spruce. I made my way to the Hudson Bay Post, and met the big Scotch factor who greeted me warmly. He was a Presbyterian, but had recently married a lady from England. Their home was lovely, and I was soon very much at home.

I found that there were usually two churches in the Northland, the Roman Catholic and the Anglican. As there were no Presbyterian churches, I later on had the joy of preparing the Hudson Bay factor for confirmation. Both he and his wife were very devout; eventually he became churchwarden and raised the revenue of the church by getting rid of the little velvet alms bags and substituting an open plate, and as he took up the collection he would wave the plate up and down for liberal offerings. "I know what they can afford," he would boast; this was true as he met them all in his store, purchased their furs and grubstaked them. The Hudson Bay men dealt fairly and squarely with the Indians. In lean times they helped them a lot, and the Indians knew and appreciated this. The afternoon I arrived the factor's wife had been out teaching an Indian woman how to make a rice pudding for the benefit of a sickly child who was not making a good recovery on a diet of rabbit.

I saw and admired at a respectful distance twelve huge, husky dogs—beautiful, powerful beasts. In the winter they would pull a big, loaded toboggan all day long on a diet of frozen fish.

I was soon visiting the Indians' log houses. I found this rather an awkward experience at first. It took quite a time for them to size me up. They would not open their doors but bade me enter the portals. I would prance around shaking hands until, in one case, a huge dog rushed from under the bed and made for me. Huge grins on big round faces greeted me, but conversation was almost entirely lacking. So after due handshaking and mutual grinning, I would move from house to house through lanes of huge huskies tied up with old bootlaces and bits of string. Had they broken loose, I fear that I would have been torn to pieces.

The Indians as Missanabie were mostly Cree with a few Ojibways. They were real Christians. At Christmas time, they would travel home for the Feast of Christ's Nativity as far as a hundred miles by dog team. What a feasting time there was the first Christmas I was in Canada. We had venison, moose, caribou and other wonderful foods. There was a big Christmas tree and presents for all. I often think of my Missanabie congregation. When they were at home they came to church every Sunday. The women's auxiliary was made up almost entirely of Indian women. They did exquisite work, and helped to maintain the church. There was an Indian catechist, a fine tall man who had been converted to Christianity years before and had lived such a sincere life that he conducted church services. He did not speak a great deal of English-in fact, he spoke very little of any language-but he was a great help and inspiration to me. I was taken to see a sick Indian girl; all her people gathered around the bed while I read the prayers. I buried her a few months later. It was the dreaded tuberculosis and, alas, I was to bury many more victims of it.

That first evening, I had evensong in the church which was dedicated to All Saints. The church was full, of course, and some of the hymns were in the Indian language. One was Son of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear.

Gon daus, shun wa ne me she nom Me nik, ka uh yuh yong uh keeng Nuh nonsh ke zah ge wa win Che ne com be we ne go yong.

How wonderful it was to hear these children of the forestfree praising the Lord Jesus in their own tongue. Soon we all left the kerosene-lighted church, some going to nearby homes, others down the lake in their canoes. I wended my way to the Hudson Bay home, thanking God for the wonderful and eventful day I had spent. Before getting to White River I had yet another place to call at—a place called Franz—a junction between the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Sault Ste. Marie on Hudson Bay Railway. The author of a good book on the Lake Superior country described the place as "Franz, the unfeverish." I found this description quite true. I did more waiting here than at any other place. I developed the patient, philosophic attitude of the Indians who seemed to spend a large part of their lives in waiting. Patience was a virtue I was short of in those days, but trains were then hours apart; they are, I am told, much better now.

I spent hours in Franz; again the hotel provided me with free and generous hospitality. The owners were devout Roman Catholics. I had several Indian families in Franz. There was no church building, so the services were held in one of the homes. I got a boy to run around and make a proclamation that the "new minister" had arrived, and so the news spread: "Church at Black's tonight!" How humble I felt when I surveyed my congregation of sixteen boys and girls, men and women, assembled for worship.

Mostly they sat on the floor, and the beautiful service of evening prayer was said. The books were passed around; I gave a talk on how I had come over the sea to be their pastor and, I hoped, their best friend. There was little evidence of emotion, but the strong handshakes betokened their pledged loyalty. After the service we had a feed, then the small boy who had been my herald, lantern in hand, guided me to the railway station.

WHITE RIVER

And now, patient reader, we are at last enroute to White River, my headquarters. How excited I was as the train rushed along to my future home. At last the conductor called "White River" and, as I stepped from the train, two stout-hearted men announced themselves as churchwardens. In Canada, there are two churchwardens: one is the minister's warden and is chosen by the priest himself; the other is the people's warden, and is elected by the congregation. Mr. Owen being the minister's warden, I was taken to his home. I soon found myself an honorary member of the family which included his wife and five boys.

After supper Mr. Ned Cowan, the people's warden, came to take me around the village from home to home. At each place he announced: "Meet our new minister." I had my first taste of the famous White River hospitality. It was gone midnight when I got back to the Owenses' home. I was full of tea, cake, and wine that maketh glad the heart of man. I literally sank into bed and was sound asleep in no time.

After a hearty breakfast I was taken to see the church. It too, like the one at Missanabie, was dedicated to All Saints. It was a very nice little church, well cared for and well appointed.

It was rather touching to learn that, on the great feasts during the absence of a minister, it was the custom to decorate the altar with flowers and to have the church warm all day so that at least the people could go in and pray. I was impressed by the fine parsonage. It was practically new, having nice hardwood floors, and seven rooms which would be ample for my needs. I must admit, however, that I was quite taken aback by the fact that there was not one stick of furniture in the house. The Archbishop had mentioned that there was a neat parsonage, but had not thought of furniture. The only things in the house were two large tea chests full of books that had arrived from England, safe and sound.

However, I need not have worried; forthwith began the great pillage of Anglican homes in White River. Those stouthearted church wardens, with two other men, went right through the place. Every home donated some necessary article. Down the street to the parsonage came chairs, bed, tables, stoves, drapes, carpet and all other such things that go to make a home. In the house itself, the women's auxiliary were mopping and polishing, cleaning and dusting. What, no chest of drawers? Off went the wardens and they returned, carrying a fine set. It was an every-member canvass for furniture. A nice bookcase was pillaged, and soon my beloved books stood invitingly before me.

When that night fell I, who had been a man destitute, stood in my furnished rooms, a man of possessions. Even the bedding, pots, pans, dishes and all had been given and, to top off all this kindness, a man who didn't actually belong to the church, had filled my coal bin. I slept in my own bed that night, secure with my new possessions around me.

The first thing I did was to call a congregational meeting. All went well until a dignified lady stood up and said: "May I ask if this church is to be run on High Church lines or not?" Ho, thinks I, here begins controversy. I am myself of the High Church school of thought, though I don't like the term itself. There seemed to be an ominous silence after the

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lady's declamation. I made some talk about how I would, I suppose, be considered High Church, when the good dame broke in with—"Oh, I'm so glad, I just love High Church." I didn't press the matter further for I had heard there were some not so inclined.

The formation of the All Saints No. 1 Boy Scout Troop was my next move. I am very keen on the value of scouting for boys. The Boy Scouts are, I believe, the greatest character building organization there is. A scout troop can be a most valuable parochial organization providing that it is definitely linked with the church. We were a properly registered group with a charter from provincial headquarters. We admitted boys of all religious connections, but only on the clear understanding that each scout was required on his oath to attend his own church every Sunday. Bound thus on their honor as scouts, they were to attend not only Sunday school but church worship every Sunday as well. I wanted worshiping boys for work at the altar, in the choir, and round the Church.

The Methodist minister thanked me personally when he discovered that his boys who used to leg it for the wide-open spaces as soon as Sunday school ended, now stayed for church. Scouting took well in White River. I took the boys on regular hikes or, more correctly, they took me. In this way I explored the wild and rugged bush country that surrounded White River. Scout troops proved themselves towers of strength in all my Canadian missions.

White River is a divisional point on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, having about seven hundred people. The railway was the main support of the people. I found the men wonderfully generous, kind and friendly to me. I now found myself a constant traveler, always hopping on and off trains, both freight and passenger. As well as riding, I soon dis-

covered there would be walking and that in the winter, snowshoes often would be necessary in the deep snows. White River is proud of its title—"the coldest place in Canada." We had it as low as seventy below, at which temperature no one pauses to admire the scenery. Noses and ears would freeze unless you kept all bundled up, and your fur collar would grow white whiskers of frost.

Being fresh from England, it was surprising how little I felt the cold that first winter. I would go without my coat from the parsonage to the depot to post a letter when it was way below zero. At night, the trees would bang like guns going off; I thought my house was haunted by a ghostly thrower of rocks. I would be waked by a terrific bang against the house; I thought rocks were being thrown against it. I learned, however, that it was another playful trick of Jack Frost.

I now gradually arranged my life and work. I was, it seemed, always on the move. I received many strange calls as various emergencies arose. Once I grabbed a fast freight to go to a lonely telegraph station that was served by two operators. One of the men had apparently gone to pieces; the other man was trying to save his job for him by working double tricks. I arrived to find that the man in the office was almost dead for lack of sleep; it was a situation that might become dangerous as seven big passenger trains and numerous freights thundered past each day. The telegraph key in the hands of an exhausted man might deal death and destruction. "Unless we can sober Jim up, I'll have to report him. I'm glad you've come, padre; perhaps he will listen to you."

I walked a quarter of a mile up the track to a little shack that Jim had built for himself. I walked up the path and knocked on the door. "Hello," I said, "I'm from the Church." The man was sprawled in a homemade armchair, half a bottle of whiskey by his side, cigarette butts strewn around; he was bearded, dirty and unkempt. "The Church, eh, well what do you know! Welcome to the cloth. Sit down preacher and have a drink, but go easy, it's getting pretty low." "Thanks," I said, taking up the bottle. I opened the door, dashed outside, and hurled the bottle against a rock where it broke in pieces.

I heard behind me a bellow of fury. He had staggered to the door and, if his legs were weak, his tongue was not. I got the best and most fluent cursing extant. His opinions of "bloody interfering parsons" would not stand repeating. However, his condition forced him to slump back in the chair. I looked around, put the kettle on to make some coffee, found some bread and other things, and fixed up a lunch. His eyes followed me as I moved about. I kept up a cheerful conversation. After drinking the coffee and eating a little food, he gave me his story. It was the eternal triangle. He had worked, saved, stood the life in this lonely spot—all for the sake of a woman who had proven unworthy of his trust. Jim went back to work next day and, all the time I was in the mission, I never had a warmer friend.

Winter rolled along merrily. The social life at White River was fun. We used to have snowshoe hikes in the brilliant moonlight. We would gather at one of the homes—a gang of young people clad in bright sweaters, toques or fur caps, heavy mitts, lots of socks, mocassins and our snowshoes. Then off we would go for five brisk miles into the white world of moonlight and shadow; like a long snake, we would wind our way through this silent forest, out onto open spaces, then on across the frozen lake, up to the "hogs back," then circle back to the village where a huge pot of pork and beans was awaiting. Then the carpets were rolled back and

we had a dance. It was fun; we gathered in a different home each week.

One of our snowshoe hikes nearly ended in a tragedy. A nice and pretty girl from the city had just arrived as clerk in one of the stores. She had never seen a snowshoe: however a pair were lent to her. She joined the group that night. It was about thirty below-mild that was-but on our journey, a blizzard came up. However, we kept on our trail, got back to the snug warmth of the house and were shoveling down pork and beans. There were a lot of us that night; suddenly someone said: "Where is Olive? Wasn't she with you? . . . "We thought she was with you!" Coffee cups were hurriedly set down and we donned all our warm clothes, got lanterns and a toboggan, and started off on the hunt for Olive. By now the wind had risen and the snow was falling fast. It was dark; this was very serious. If the girl were lost she had nothing between her and the arctic except hundreds of miles of trackless forest. We hurried. We could still trace our frozen tracks. Soon they would be covered. I certainly prayed. It was an hour before shouts ahead told us she was found. The poor girl had gradually strayed behind; then one of her snowshoes had broken. She had followed our tracks but, coming to some wind-swept, rocky flats, could not see any sign. Then the moon had gone down, and the snow and darkness came upon her. The toboggan came in useful. We all contributed an article of clothing; thus wrapped and bundled, Olive returned in triumph. After that experience we always started with a roll call and, on our hikes, stopped several times until all were counted.

I remained in my parsonage until January, but the one Quebec heater was not sufficient to heat the seven rooms. There was no furnace. I would not, however, give in. One day I was studying in front of the heater. I had on my felt 27 · WHITE RIVER

boots, three pair of socks, overcoat and hat. I could see my breath in the room. Then there came a knock at the door, and good Mrs. Joe Mountford entered. The good woman laid down the ultimatum. "This," she declared, "is suicide. You'll come home with me. Joe and I have an unused room." I then gave in, gathered my chief necessities, and occupied "The Prophet's Chamber," as my room was called.

The Mountford family were kind and good to me, and I had the joy of preparing both of them for confirmation. They became real pillars of the church.

Time went on. All the missions were flourishing; the winter was breaking, and it was May when my snug world was shattered rudely by a telegram from the Archbishop.

NIPIGON INTERLUDE

From My NEAT LITTLE PARSONAGE with my devoted flock, my nice troop of Boy Scouts, I was to go forth like Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees to become a man dwelling in tents, a nomad roaming the forests primeval.

A frantic telegram from His Grace, Achbishop Thornloe, ordered me to get a tent, blankets, camping utensils, and to hit the trail to the shores of Lake Nipigon. Despite the lamentations, mournings and woe of my stricken flock, I had no choice. "We will get you back," they said. A protest was drawn up, signed by all and sent to the Archbishop, but while these diplomatic negotiations were afoot, I was gone with the wind. Within twenty-four hours of the fatal telegram, I stood upon the shores of Lake Nipigon. The deacon from the church at Nipigon met me there. We chose a spot, pitched a tent, and then he left me.

I felt very much alone. It was the tenth of May, and there were still patches of snow. I had to light an oil stove in the tent. I had bacon, butter, eggs and evaporated milk, also bread—just the fare for bears now emerging from hibernation, and therefore cranky. If they smelled these things and also one hundred and twenty pounds of young missionary, they might come in uninvited. I piled my suitcases against the door flaps, left my light burning, and my axe close at hand.

My briefing on the situation from the Archbishop stated that my transfer was a strategic one. A new mission was to be founded on this spot. It had been planned for some time; then there came a tip-off from sources friendly to our church that another religious body was planning to jump the claim. "The Old Mother Church must be first," said my superior.

It was indeed true; a week later after I had occupied the land and put up signs all over the place advertising my service, a minister arrived. He was quite decent about it, and soon departed.

However, my work was not only to start a new mission, but also to revive an old one. Lake Nipigon had been the field of heroic and self-sacrificing missionaries for many years. The names of the Rev. R. Renison and the Rev. Benjamin Fuller were long remembered on Lake Nipigon. Chief Oskopekuhda and his people had built a house and a church, and the Rev. Benjamin Fuller took his wife and family there. He labored absolutely alone for nine years until he was called to be superintendent of the Indian School in Sault Ste. Marie. When he left, there was the church, a big hut fourteen feet square, and a house. The Indians were devoted and loyal to the church. The work continued when men were available but, alas, a missionary came to them who was no good. He had corrupted the Indians, became an illegal fur poacher, peddled whiskey, and preached on Sundays. He left the mission at Chief's Bay and went to live sixty miles away at the Village of Nipigon. He undid all the good work of devoted men, and when he realized that his actions were reported to the Archbishop, he disappeared.

The winter before he left, the faithful old chief died and his sons went all the way to Nipigon to fetch the missionary to bury their father. They requested him to accompany them the sixty miles back by dog sled. He refused, saying: "Bury the old man. I'll come up in the spring and say some prayers over the grave." The Indians departed silently. On the way home they went to the mission of another church and were well and sympathetically received. This was a fatal blow to the Anglican Church. Most of the Indians ceased to attend the Anglican mission.

The forestry and conservation officials on the lake were so disgusted that they withdrew their interest and support. Now it was up to me to see if I could repair all the damage and encourage the mere handful of Indians that remained to be faithful to the church that had so injured them. Not an easy task to perform.

I could see that this must be a matter of much prayer and work. I decided that the best thing to do would be to go to Chief's Bay where, under Chief Quarkagesic, the little band held out.

First I cooked my breakfast outside my tent. Then I wrapped up my butter and put it in the cold water of a little creek that flowed near by. I then cut down two birch trees, made a big cross, and erected this near my tent in token that I claimed this spot in the name of Christ and Holy Church. I then walked the short distance to McDiarmid, the fishing village. I went to the Beamish store and inquired as to boats going up Lake Nipigon. I was in luck because the Beamish supply boat was due for a trip up the lake and would visit Chief's Bay. I was told to contact the skipper whose name was "Joe the Ghost."

I was rather taken aback at the unearthly name of the captain, but I went in search of him and found him. He was not a disembodied spirit but a fine, tall Frenchman, a silent yet genial fellow who sang but one song, a constant refrain upon his lips; it was "It ain't a goin' to rain no mo' no mo,,

it ain't a goin' to rain no mo'." Joe was not easily provoked. He lived matter-of-factly and, even though constantly haunted by a dead man, was able to bear this affliction with fortitude. One winter day, so the story went, Joe came upon a lumberjack who had hanged himself. He stood and viewed the dead man with equanimity. "By golly, your boots are better than mine; 'pears like you won't be needing them." So he took them off, and they fitted him splendidly; and now, according to Joe: "I hear him following me all the time. I hear him go squeak, squeak."

The boat was at the dock. I asked Joe if he would take me aboard. We glumly shook hands, and forthwith I was a passenger. Chief's Bay was quite a long way off past the Shakespeare Islands. The boat would be gone nearly a week. It would give me a good chance to call at several places.

We started off to the plaintive notes of "It ain't a goin' to rain no mo'," and while Joe the Ghost was inquiring of all and sundry: "How in the heck could he wash his neck if it ain't a goin' to rain," I went off with my Bible and Prayer Book, feeling very much like St. Paul setting off on one of his missionary journeys.

There is a magnificent grandeur about Lake Nipigon with its vast expanse of water (you can lose sight of land at points on the lake), its rugged mountainous shoreline (rocks rising sheer from the water), the dreamy woods which stretch far back from it and that are interspersed by myriads of smaller lakes, rivers and pools; in such surroundings still roam, as of old, the children of the primeval dwellers.

On our trip up the lake, stops were made to land supplies. Other times we would have to buy sturgeon. The Indians would catch the huge fish, keep them tied up alive in the water until the boat came, and then the roe was taken out, weighed and paid for. This was to become the expensive

caviar of the fancy hotels. The meat was also purchased, and then packed in boxes of broken ice.

At Chief's Bay I met the Anglican Indians. The church was all in disrepair, so we had our service in the home of Johnson Quarkagesic. Our church had faded so much it was like Sir Walter Scott's "shadow of a shade," only old people remained. We must see that these are carefully and regularly ministered unto until some day we get some new converts. It was sad indeed to see what work a bad missionary could accomplish in wrecking the Church. Some day it surely will be required of him, when he faces the Great Good Shepherd of the Sheep, to give an account of his stewardship.

I returned down the lake to the village, or rather settlement of McDiarmid. It was a fishing community where a regular little fleet of small steamships and gas boats went out twice a week, returning with good cargoes of white fish, lake trout, and other species of fish. These were hauled up to the railway track in a miniature railway, narrow gauge, being pulled up by steel cables. As my tent was pitched near McDiarmid, I made this my metropolis. I was able to arrange to get some of my meals at the company cook house. The head man was quite willing to co-operate; yes, certainly, I could use the men's recreation hall for Sunday services. Alas, however, when I started to visit among the men I experienced a lack of cordiality. In fact I was regarded with suspicion. The men did not seem to want a missionary. I went on all the boats shaking hands, almost by main force, bubbling over with good cheer, but an air of profound despondency seemed to brood over the men.

Everyone knew about the service in the recreation room on Sunday at two P.M. I had my prayer and hymn sheets neatly arranged. I carried in a good number of fish boxes for seats.

I rang the gong on the cook house, but not one single man came. Instead they emerged from their bunk houses and started up a ball game. I finally put my things away and went to the ball game. When I sat down near a group of men, conversation would cease. Then a minute or two later they one by one moved away with a sad countenance. What was the matter? I knew I was green enough, right from England with a strong English accent; doubtless I was a curious phenomenon, but the Indians had welcomed me, and all the White River stations had received me. I was sitting in my tent a few evenings later when the mystery was solved. I was reading by the dim light of my kerosene lantern when I heard footsteps, and a moment later a deputation of fishermen entered the tent. They sat in a solemn row on my cot. Was it a lynching party? I sat on a box. After a somewhat awkward pause, I learned the reason for my boycott. They had checked up on me, and were now convinced that I really was a preacher and not a whiskey detective. It was prohibition in Canada, and whiskey detectives were being sent around to check up on the use of intoxicating drink in camps. "The boys," they informed me, were really sorry abount Sunday. They explained that being cooped up on the boats most of the week, the Sunday ball game was their only relaxation; however, if I could arrange the service a bit earlier, they would all come to church first, and have their ball game afterwards. These terms were gladly accepted. I brewed some tea on my oil stove, and the pact was sealed. From then on I had a wonderful time with my fishermen. They filled the recreation hall, and their songs-oh boy! We had a banjo player, too. I had the freedom of their boats and got many a splendid lake trout or white fish. I could just take my pick.

The summer months went by rapidly in the Nipigon

mission. I traveled many miles by water and almost as many on foot. The White River mission was on the Canadian Pacific, but Nipigon was on the Canadian National. Along the railroad track I had to walk as there was no other kind of roads at all; sometimes I got rides on a hand car. You pumped a thing up and down—not so bad when the wind was behind you, but, when you were bucking a head wind, it was hard work, indeed. When I walked, like the man in Pilgrim's Progress, the way was beset by perils. First, there was the half-mile tunnel near McDiarmid. When you entered it, the further end appeared as just a little spot of white light. The general idea was to get through it before a train appeared and, if a train did come, to find a suitable cleft in the rock to take refuge in; you then had to hang on for dear life to avoid being sucked in by the train.

The next peril was a very long trestle bridge. There were at long intervals little platforms holding barrels of water, kept there in case of fire as it was a wooden trestle. The game was, if a train came, to reach one of these platforms, or to hang some seventy feet in the air by your hands while the train went past. There was no leeway. I grew very adept in listening for trains by putting my ear to the rails; I could hear the rumble of a train several miles away.

There was a big lumber camp and mill at Sand Bay. I took my knapsack of hymn books, etc., and set forth to walk the six miles. I arrived about two P.M. Seeking permission from the office to hold a service, I was told I would find "the boys" in the recreation hut. It was a big long building. When I entered, the air was thick with tobacco smoke and the men were seated at long trestle tables. Most of them were playing cards. There was the clink of money, and there were bills in evidence on the table. It seemed that poker was the vogue on the Sabbath. I had been taught in

the Church Army never to retreat so, seeing one end of the long table was not occupied, I walked bravely up, began to set out my books, and announced: "If there are any of you who would like to come up to this end of the table for a short service I would be glad."

There was an awkward pause. Then four or five men rather sheepishly came up and sat down. I told the other men to carry on their games as they would not disturb me. I then had my usual simple service, two or three old-fashioned hymns, a Bible reading, some prayers and then my talk. The men who continued their games listened to my simple discourse. There was scarcely a sound. Never have I seen such reverent poker playing. I finished my service, thanked the men for staying and then, if you please, one of my few hymn singers took his hat all around, took a collection from all the men in the place! I returned on other occasions to Sand Lake. I would send word a day or so ahead. They were then prepared for my coming. I aways had a good congregation.

My work did not just consist of services. I had men coming with their problems. I wrote letters for them, patched up family quarrels, and was a kind of father confessor to all. Each visit brought deeper confidences. They were a fine group of men. A young and over-zealous traveling evangelist had visited the lumber camps the winter before. The men had turned out for service, but were much hurt when the preacher informed them that "even a lumberjack could be saved." The way it was presented sounded as if, though a lumberjack could be saved, saving him was a tough assignment, even for the Almighty. Well, the next time he came with such a gospel, the men remained in their bunk houses.

All the men of the woods wanted was love and understanding. The vast majority of them were fine men; weak-

nesses some might have, but I would rather find myself in the care of these men of the forest in my distress than with a group of conventional city folks. They were honest, true, and so good-natured as to give the shirts from their backs if needed.

Unfortunately their good nature was often their undoing when they came out of the woods in the spring and headed for the cities. I talked with many a one who had come back broke and destitute of their earned money. They held no grudge, however, but set cheerfully to work to make another "roll." The best thing for them was to get a wife; then most of them would save instead of spend their money.

Late October, 1929, found me still dwelling in my tent by Lake Nipigon. As the nights grew chillier I added more layers of clothing to my bed. At last it became necessary to mark with a book marker the place to get into bed. Even early in September I had broken ice on my water bucket.

A year in Canada, and again the colors of the trees were glorious. During my voyages with Joe the Ghost I had seen much wildlife. Animals seemed to enjoy swimming in the lake. We caught up to a big timber wolf one day far from land. On another occasion we saw a big bull moose happily ploughing along, miles from the mainland. Also several bears were observed during the summer on the Nipigon River. I had seen otter, mink and beaver. My work had gradually expanded to the big power construction camps on the Nipigon River, Cameron Falls, Virgin Falls and Alexander Landing. I witnessed the harnessing of a great river by armies of men. It was a sad prospect to see unspoiled nature gashed and maimed and tainted by man. What a thing it might be if the newly-discovered atomic powers could be utilized to provide power so that we might

release the northern rivers from their ugly shackles, to be forever free. However, the power needs of Port Arthur and Fort Wililams were paramount, and I followed the construction gangs. I used to try to endear myself to the chief engineer. Once you had him behind you, you could go anywhere and use all the facilities to minister to the men. I always found the superintendent-engineers most affable and friendly men, willing to encourage church work and social service among the men. I organized a Boy Scout troop and Girl Guides at Cameron Falls. The big Bible they presented to me is still one of my most prized possessions.

As signs of coming winter drew on apace, I began to wonder if I were to remain in the tent all winter, or whether perhaps I had become the forgotten man. Then I heard that His Grace, the Archbishop, was to visit my mission. I went to see Mr. Cummings, the head of the conservation fireboats on Lake Nipigon. He most kindly placed a fine boat at my disposal, a cabin cruiser, complete with cook and crew. On this noble craft I entertained the Archbishop and his chaplain. We were well received, and the people came from far and wide to hear the Archbishop.

At Orient Bay, we were royally welcomed by a Mr. Cameron Mackintosh McDougal, who turned out to be a Scotsman. Mr. McDougal was truly the laird of Orient Bay; he had just recently entertained on a fishing trip the Prince of Wales, who is the present Duke of Windsor. Orient Bay was a Canadian National Railway tourist lodge. Mr. McDougal was famed for his sense of fun; you never suspected he was pulling your leg for the bearded face would not even show a shadow of a smile. The moose slide was one of his famous stories. He would gravely explain to some dignified and wealthy city ladies that the smooth channel down a steep sweep of rock was worn by generations of moose who in the

spring time spent hours sliding down the groove in a sitting position. After reaching the bottom, the big animal would run up the hill and repeat the program. Such were the tales of our genial host.

The last stop of the Archbishop was at my humble tent. There we had a short service. I brewed some tea, and we had some biscuits. I then took the good man rather aback by thrusting into his hands a box of money. It was an earthylooking object, indeed; I had kept it buried in my tent. Once I nearly had a fit because I could not remember the spot. I had replaced the turf late at night on hands and knees. I had delved for my treasure chest like a midnight miser.

"What is this?" inquired His Grace. "It's the collections," I said. "It certainly is heavy," he replied. I had never taken a single collection, but someone had always suggested it or done it themselves. The Archbishop seemed astonished that I had not disposed of it. I asked if I could get a new suit and other things I needed, and hand the balance to my successor. This request was granted. "My dear fellow," said His Grace, "your salary is so small you are entitled to the free-will offerings." My next boon was craved but not granted; that was a definite request that I might be permitted to return to White River. He said he would think about it. I now took the Archbishop to task. I did so want to go back to White River. "Your Grace," I said, "I was surprised that you moved me from White River after being there only six months. In England, you know, even lay readers are left for at least two years in a place." I shall never forget the reply that came instanteously. "I am well aware what they do in England," he said, "but I would like to point out two things to you: one, this is not England; and two, this is my own diocese in which I place my young men where I know they are most needed." Dear old gentleman, he could rebuke

you and then take all the sting away so quickly with a friendly gesture. A minute after the retort proper had been made, he linked my arm in his and said he was very much pleased with my work. "I will let you know in a few days. In any case, we must get you out of here before the winter sets in"—to which sentiment I heartily concurred.

In a few days after the Archbishop's departure, my hopes of returning to White River were shattered by a letter from the diocesan office informing me that I was to go to St. Peter's Church, Sault Ste. Marie, to work under the direction of the Venerable Archdeacon Gowan Gilmore. My work was to be continued here by my successor. A small mission house and church were to be constructed. The church was eventually called St. George's. My successor traveled by dog team.

I was a bit perturbed at the idea of working under an archdeacon for, in England, I had thought of such dignitaries as being somewhat highly exalted. But people soon told me that Archdeacon Gilmore was one of the most loveable of men, a real missionary-hearted priest. A big, bluff Irishman, his proudest title was "the tramp." For nearly forty years he had, as a pioneer missionary priest, tramped up and down the land.

I had no idea as I read the letter telling me I was to go to Sault Ste. Marie that it would be a step towards my obtaining the best wife in all the world. I had boasted that I was a confirmed bachelor, which was true, for I was confirmed by the Bishop of Worcester in England. A wise old priest had told me never to say I wasn't going to get married until I was on my deathbed, and only then if I had a male nurse.

Well, before I could leave my Nipigon mission to go to the city, there were farewells to be said, and little parties in each place. These usually took the form of dances. We would clear the kitchen, or the parlor if there was one, of its furniture. The fiddler would sit on the stairs, then the fun could be fast and furious. Occasionally a man might bring a bottle on his hip, but a sharp tap with a hammer on the bulge would lead the offender to beat a rapid and moist retreat. Unpleasant incidents were rare indeed. If there was any suggestion of a dance being a mission affair, there would be no liquor brought along. Once one man, who "had had some," kept coming up to me all evening and saying: "I'm alright parson; don't worry about me; I'm alright." He kept these comforting bulletins up all night.

SAULT STE. MARIE

HAD MADE SO MANY FRIENDS IN THE Nipigon Mission that it was a sad day when I packed up my tent, returned blankets to the doners, struck camp and entrained for historic Sault Ste. Marie where the Archbishop and the Archdeacon lived. How I wished my trail led once more to the remote places. Now in the city I would be near officialdom, near "the brass," so to speak. Much as I revere bishops I prefer to live some distance from them. I arrived at the Algoma Central Railway Station. I was met by the Archdeacon, and all my fears were quickly laid aside.

The Venerable Gowan Gilmore, D.D., Archdeacon of Algoma, was a saint. Moreover he was an Irish saint, and Irish saints are the most lovable saints of all. He was the very embodiment of kindliness, gentleness and good humor. I could see the wisdom of the Archbishop in putting me under such a man; I was young, green, hot-headed and foolish. Here was a man who could teach me patience and forbearance. He was a priest to whom religion meant everything. The daily offices of prayer and praise, the frequent and reverently-celebrated Holy Communions, the regular meditation, spiritual reading and theological study; all these things I learned to value under the Archdeacon. He lived all by himself, surrounded by a fine library, sleeping on a hard, narrow cot; as he was a big man, he used to tie himself on his cot at night to prevent his falling off. A table and a few

hard chairs were his furniture. After I had been at St. Peter's for some time I opened a campaign to make the Archdeacon more comfortable. People were anxious to do this. Soon a bigger bed, a comfortable armchair and other little comforts were gladly subscribed to. Though he accepted these tributes of affection with courtesy, I could tell he was not too pleased about it, and the overstuffed chair was reserved for visitors only.

The Archdeacon was loved and followed by the children. Those who belonged to St. Peter's, and those who didn't, were equally welcome. He called them his angels, and knew the names of them all. I have often contended that the Anglican Church makes too little of her outstanding and often heroic priests. Had the Archdeacon been a Roman Catholic priest, his life would have been written up and preserved for the edification of the faithful.

St. Peter's Church, situated on the outskirts of the city, in 1926 was called the Archdeacon's Church. It was largely through his efforts and with the help of the Society of the Propagation of the Gospel, in England, that it was built. It was the High Church of the city, the Archdeacon was not fond of the phrase "High Church," but he did believe that the Anglican Church is an integral part of the Catholic Church, and its truest expression was through ancient and catholic methods; and in all these ideas he had in me an ardent disciple for I have become an ardent catholic churchman myself in England.

St. Peter's then was the "advanced" church. We had the only midnight mass in Anglican churches in the city; the Mass vestments, altar boys, processional tapers, and lighted candles at all services; the Procession and Blessing of the Palms on Palm Sunday, the Sung Eucharist instead of Morning Prayer was the main service at St. Peter's.

The Archdeacon's declining health made his visits less as time went on, but he always came for the celebrations. As we grew together in mutual confidence I began to press and emphasize all the definite catholic emphasis I could on ceremonial. I would, of course, ask the Archdeacon about it first. As I look back now I can see how foolish I was. True my belief in and appreciation of catholic ceremonial and methods has not lessened, but I am now governed by experience and common sense.

As I read the history of our church during the last hundred years I can see the wide acceptance of all these ceremonial developments. But alas, in 1926 I was a zealot. It was St. Peter's is right and all the other churches are way off the beam. Rumblings of protest among the congregation reached the ear of His Grace. Some of my aggrieved parishioners taking exception to being subject to extreme as they termed its practice, urged one of the churchwardens to take their complaints to the Archbishop. I landed in hot water and appeared before the Archbishop. It was a fair tribunal, both sides being given a fair hearing. What I was teaching was, he decided, not contrary to the teachings of the Church of England; however, several decorative adjuncts that I had placed in the Church were to be removed. There was a large picture, which today I would myself abhor of the Sacred Heart pierced with a sword, and a Processional Banner I had made myself. Today I appreciate the good taste of those who protested. Well do I remember His Grace's admonition. "While I will support you in all definite teaching of the full faith and practice of the Church, I will not tolerate ritualistic excursions within my diocese. The Sacred Heart must go," he added.

Things soon were nicely settled and harmony and peace prevailed, and I turned my attention to the boys and young people of the district. In addition to St. Peter's Church I also had charge of Holy Trinity Church at Tarantons some miles away, in the country. This meant a lot of cycling and walking in the winter time. I found the country people, as I have invariably found them, very receptive and appreciative. St. Peter's was situated in that portion of the city known as Harris and Buckley; I am still not aware as to how it gained the name. There was a large foreign element in the area, and St. Peter's was a poor district, from a financial point of view.

One of my first efforts was to form my mission scout troop. Rumors of my intention quickly spread, and there was almost a riot when I opened the door of our small parish hall and was borne inside on the crest of a wave of boys. It appeared that all the boys of Harris and Buckley wanted to be scouts. It was only by picking out six of the biggest boys that we were able to thrust the mob back into the street. I then enlisted the aid of my self-appointed deputies to hold the doors and windows. Catcalls and kicks on the door continued until a policeman scattered the would-be recruits. We admitted the officer of the law who became a fast friend of the scouts. We trained the six boys until they knew enough to be future patrol leaders, then each new leader brought in his recruits, and within a month we had a fine scout troop. Of course they needed a lot of training, but I have never known the scout system to fail, and the scout honor system made of our somewhat rowdy beginning a well-disciplined troop. On our regular Saturday hikes and in the summer camps I watched the boys developing in manliness, and from among them came choir boys and altar boys. We fitted up our little gymnasium in the church hall. It was a great blessing. On Sunday I had to preach with a black eye, the result of a friendly bout with a big Finnish boy whose name was Arvi Mackie.

The greatest debt of gratitude I shall always owe to the Anglican Church in the City of Sault Ste. Marie was my meeting with my future wife. In the course of my church work I met a certain Miss Ann Brewer. Miss Brewer was the leader of a large number of girls in the Junior Auxiliary of St. John's Church. She had over fifty girls under her care and leadership. The Brewer family were most kind to me. Mr. Alfred Brewer had, on his own initiative, within a few years built up a large bakery business known as the Golden Grain. He shipped bread to towns and cities as well as having three stores in the city itself. Mrs. Brewer was a kind and motherly person, and an ardent gardener. There were four daughters in the family. Among many good works that my future wife took an interest in was that of helping in various ways at our mission bazaars and bake sales. There were gifts from Miss Brewer. Well, it was obvious that we should meet, and I will let you put two and two together.

On my stipend of seven hundred dollars a year I lived in genteel poverty. I became a pork and beans addict; I warmed the can in hot water and opened it before the beans blew up. They were really quite nourishing with bread and tea. However, I had many wonderful meals in peoples' homes, and three-the Charles Whittle, Frank Darlington and Joe Hayman-English families took turns in having me at one of their homes on Sundays. Archdeacon Gilmore would often accompany me to these big dinners, and on pay day the Archdeacon would take me to have a big blow out at Uncle Martin's, a Chinese restaurant downtown. The genial little Chinese owner was one of the hosts of friends of the Archdeacon, and was quite pleased with the name "Uncle Martin" that he bestowed on him. And having been often taught all about St. Patrick, he gladly acknowledged, "St. Patrick, him velly gleat man." The Archdeacon being Irish to the core, instructed everybody about St. Patrick.

As the two of us journeyed about I was introduced to all the Irish policemen as "me fellow countrymen!" Usually there were children of all nationalities following us about. I used to wonder where the Archdeacon could carry all his supplies of candy and small gifts.

By the middle of the month we would both be broke. The Brewer home was now open to me and, along with the bags of delicious cakes and buns bestowed on me by Miss Brewer when I casually dropped in at her store, it was very much enjoyed. The Archdeacon noticed this, and posed the following riddle at a church gathering. "Why," he asked, "is the Golden Grain Store on Queen Street like a prison?" No one knowing the answer, he said: "Because you often see a Warder there."

I did not become engaged while I was in Sault Ste. Marie, but looked forward to the time when I would, as a priest, be able to offer a rectory or parsonage and the princely income of around \$960 per annum. In the meanwhile, I was careful to keep watch and ward upon Miss Brewer. I found the Brewer residence a home away from home, and Miss Brewer's company more than delightful. On moonlit nights we would discuss missionary problems and diocesan budgets together. Once when I walked through a pouring rain to visit the Brewers one of the soles of my shoes fell off. Good Dad Brewer most diplomatically remembered a fine pair of almost new shoes that pinched him (I don't believe they did); anyhow I went back to St. Peter's well shod.

My future wife, after attending the midnight mass of Christmas, noticed my shoes. I used to repair them myself from leather purchased in Woolworth's; anyhow they might have looked a bit rough. A package arrived containing a magnificent pair of dress patent leather shoes to wear in the sanctuary. Their brilliance so embarrassed me that, after the

first wearing, I put them in the sanctuary cupboard. Then before service started I would send out an altar boy to survey the congregation. If the lad returned with the words "Miss Brewer's there," I would put the fine shoes on, and flash around the altar in glory; then they would be put away until the next visit of the young lady.

Since I had arrived from England I had been reading for holy orders. I tried to set aside at least three hours a day for study. As well as the usual subjects for the deacon's exam I had to take St. John's Gospel in Greek. I tried to get my reading done in the morning, but more often I had to work at night. I lived in two rather bare rooms in the attic of the old house that was our parish hall. It was a bare and rather uninspiring place. I approached my rooms by an outside staircase. Up these stairs I had to carry all my wood and water. However, I was seldom alone as my boy scouts dropped in and out all day; some from poor and crowded homes would bring their homework. We shared meals and periodic dishwashing. I used all the dishes belonging to the woman's auxiliary until they were finished, then there would be a grand washing up. Sometimes, when the auxiliary decided to put on something suddenly, I would call in my scouts to wash things up.

I took my bath in a tin tub. It was not big enough to get all of me in, a leg or so would have to hang out. It was most annoying as one would forget which limb had been washed, and one would have to do the job all over again. All the water had to be carried up. Once a week we took a bath together, me and the entire scout troop. The Y.M.C.A. down in the city most generously allowed us the use of their showers and swimming pool once each week. We marched two and a half miles, had our bath while I checked that the boys washed behind their ears, then had a good swim in the big

pool. Then back we marched to the hearty songs of some thirty clean boys and a clean scoutmaster. They were wonderful days and fully occupied ones.

By June, 1926, I was successful in my deacon's examination, and I was ordained as deacon in St. Luke's Cathedral. It was the Archbishop's last ordination. His health was so impaired that Bishop Lucas was on hand in the cathedral in case the Archbishop could not complete the service. The service was completed and I rose from my knees a deacon; I felt so proud to wear my clerical collar and my new black suit purchased on the time system. I took my first service as a clergyman in Trinity Church at Tarantons that same afternoon. I remained eighteen months as a deacon owing to the Bishop's being in England, so I studied hard for my priest's examination. The greatest day in my life was in November, 1927, when I was ordained a priest. The good Archbishop Thorneloe had laid down his well-done task and had been succeeded by Bishop Rocksborough Smith, Dean of Lennoxville, who was elected co-adjutor Bishop of Algoma in 1926, becoming Bishop of Algoma in 1927. After I was ordained a priest, I went to the Archbishop's home to receive his blessing. He had not been able to come to the cathedral for the service. I shall always count his last solemn blessing one of my richest experiences and the completion of my ordination as a priest in the church of God. It was not long after that the great pioneer missionary and diocesan bishop passed to his well-won reward. I was the last deacon ordained by the Archbishop, and the first priest ordained by Bishop Rocksborough Smith.

PRIESTLY BEGINNINGS

I was now at long last a priest; my new black suit, clerical collar, stole and cassock were purchased by the good old pay-once-a-month system. I now eagerly awaited my first charge and cure of souls. Bishop Rocksborough Smith, our new diocesan bishop, was a most agreeable man, a brilliant scholar from the University of Cambridge, a Greek scholar and—like his predecessor—a missionary-minded man. He was kind and very understanding. Moreover, he possessed a keen sense of humor. Mrs. Rocksborough Smith was a most charming hostess, and one felt at home as soon as one stepped over the doorstep. Two sons, Edward and Selwyn, completed the Bishop's household.

Bishop Rocksborough Smith, M.A.D.D. was a staunch Anglo Catholic. He served as Bishop of Algoma for some thirteen years. He retired and lived until his recent death at Hove in England with his wife. After returning to England he served as General Secretary of the English Church Union, then as Rector of a church in Devonshire, as assistant to the Bishop of Exeter.

I was overjoyed at the Bishop's Catholic Churchmanship, and did all I could to encourage it. I was responsible for the first wearing of a cope and mitre in Sault Ste. Marie. The Bishop possessed a mitre, and I borrowed a cope from St. Matthias Church, Toronto. These were worn for the first

time at a confirmation in St. Peter's Church in the fall of 1928. As a member of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, the Bishop began a work in the city. As a member of the same Confraternity, I was overjoyed at all the wonderful things that were coming to pass. Archdeacon Gilmore expressed his feelings by saying when he saw a chasuble for the first time in the Cathedral, "Now I can say my nunc dimittis." I make these remarks not in any sense to disparage the churchmanship of Archbishop George Thorneloe; he himself was an old fashioned high churchman, indeed. When elected to the Diocese of Algoma in 1897 his definite church views were well known. Dr. Thorneloe upheld the full teaching of the Anglican Church historically and sacramentally. His sermons on the historic Catholic and Apostolic Church will still be remembered; dignity and reverence marked all his doings. He taught and practiced fasting communion and celebrated the Holy Mysteries with loving awe and live devotion, every word of the Service was clearly articulated, and he was never hurried at the Altar.

The definite churchmanship of the Diocese during his episcopate was as well known in England as in Canada. On the other hand, there was not a great deal of ritual in the Diocese. The candles were on the altar in the Cathedral, but were not lighted. The same custom prevailed at St. John's Church when I was in the city. The only churches where Eucharistic Vestments were in use when I was in Sault Ste. Marie were St. Paul's Hailibury under Canon Hinks, at Bying Inlet under the Rev. A. P. Banks, and St. Peter's Church, Sault Ste. Marie under Archdeacon Gilmore. However, there was definite church teaching practically everywhere. With the advent of Dr. Rocksborough Smith and the revival of many ritual practices, certain parties began to protest.

Gradually an appreciation of the new Bishop's sincerity, his straightforward dealings and his pleasant and kindly disposition began to turn the tide. However, it was not until things were brought to a sudden head by the Bishop inviting the Cowley Fathers to take up work in the Diocese, first at Uffington, I believe in 1927, then in 1928 at Bracebridge where they took over the property of the Reverend Ralph Sadler, a priest from England who desired to foster the retreat movement. Father Sadler was doing a wonderful work when he died suddenly while on a visit to England. When it became known that the Cowley Fathers had settled in the Diocese of Algoma, a tremendous outcry arose. The Orange Sentinel in its official paper released a mighty blast, part of which read, "This gentlemen (referring, of course, to Bishop Rocksborough Smith) is a member of that notorious secret society known as the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament which is seeking to bring back the Mass within the Church of England."

The Diocesan Synod which followed shortly after the Cowley Fathers had come to Algoma was, to say the least, a lively one. On the afternoon of the debate on the Cowley Fathers, the Synod Hall was crowded to capacity. Five laymen had one of their number present their protest in a lengthy and somewhat inaccurate diatribe. They protested that the services had been so changed they could no longer follow the Prayer Book, a ridiculous change. They did not like the Bishop's vestments and other things, but most of all they were pertubed about the Monks and Friars and their celibacy. "Practicing celibacy in the open streets."

It was most fortunate that the Reverend Father Roland F. Palmer, S.S.J.E. the superior of the new Canadian branch, was present. I shall have more to say of Father Palmer in my future pages, but suffice it to say there is not a more lovable

character than Father Palmer. He now rose, and in his own wonderful way proceeded to pour oil on troubled water. He touched on the history and origin of the Order of Cowley Fathers; of the religious life within the Church of England. He ended up by inviting the protesters to visit the Cowley Fathers. He assured them that they would find the Prayer Book in daily use, and the Pope of Rome not hidden in the attic.

Immediately after my ordination as a priest, I went to my first charge—a temporary one at Bruce Mines, some sixty miles from the Soo. The Bishop hoped to send me to succeed the incumbent of St. Ambrose Church, Bayville, the Rev. Canon Hazelhurst, who had been at Bayville for over thirty years. The good old Canon was quite a time making up his mind so, in the meanwhile, as there was no priest at Bruce Mines, I was sent to fill in.

The beautiful little church in the small town had only a small congregation. The closing of the copper mines had reduced the town greatly. In the days of its glory the Marquess of Queensbury of the "Queensberry Rules" fame had lived in Bruce Mines, and quite an ambitious church and rectory had been built. With Bruce Mines I also had Desbarats, where there was a bigger congregation. I found the Bruce Mines folk very nice. I stayed six weeks at the Lake Shore Hotel. The owner, a devout Roman Catholic, would not take one penny for my room and board; moreover, he drove me over to Desbarats to take services. He and his wife were so very good to me. I became a "needleman." The Bishop had presented me with a linen chasuble, but I had no alb. In the vestry I discovered an ancient nightgown-sort or surplice with buttons on the front. The linen was quite good, but the original owner must have been as rotund as the late Archbishop William Temple of Canterbury, who,

staying at a country vicarage, sent his rochet to a local laundry and when it came back, there was this notation: "One small bell tent, two and sixpence!"

I took the surplice to my hotel room, cut out a goodly panel and made two linen tubes as sleeves, sewed them on, joined up the seam, and lo! I had an alb. I purchased lamp wick for the cincture, thus with my stole and the chasuble I had my Eucharist vestments. I have used Eucharist vestments all during my ministry.

To commend them to those who had never been used to them, I called them communion robes, and they were always accepted. Later on I was provided with beautifully made albs and vestments.

Bruce Mines was a lovely place. There was the big bay on the lake and the pretty countryside but, knowing that I was only a temporary priest, I prayed that dear Canon Hazelhurst would make up his mind so that I might become the Vicar of Baysville. At last the news came, and I received my appointment as Priest-in-Charge of Baysville and the area around the village. Armed with an impressive document stamped with the diocesan seal and signed by his Lordship, the Bishop of Algoma, I set forth to my first sole charge.

It is a wonderful feeling going to one's first parish, knowing that your flock is waiting for you and that you are going to help to write the future history of the church in that community. It fills one with a tremendous sense of one's unworthiness and yet at the same time with a confidence that the grace of holy orders will make one sufficient for the task, that having been ordained for the work a person will have the wherewithal to perform it.

I had been to Muskoka before when I made a retreat at the rather primitive retreat house which Father Ralph Sadler had commenced. The retreat was a wonderful experience, and was conducted by Canon E. S. Stewart, Rector of St. Thomas Church, Toronto. Father Sadler was a most energetic person. I arrived two days before the retreat to discover that the roof was not yet completed. I helped to work on it. We got it ready some hours before the arrival of our conductor the Rev. Canon C. S. Stewart of Toronto. It then was late fall, and a small stove was put up to keep the bare board ceiling warm. We had fixed up a private hole for our Reverend Canon containing a bed, table and chair. The rest of the retreatants slept in the long, attic dormitory. Then in the night the rains came. Our part of the dormitory remained dry, but not so in the Canon's room. We heard him moving his bed around as the rain came in. Finally Father Sadler came to the rescue, and our conductor joined the common herd. It was, however, a great retreat, and the only one I have attended where excellent free cigars were provided.

It was, I believe, one of the first real retreats conducted in the diocese. Father Sadler met with much discouragement, but he began things, and by God's blessing and guidance prepared for the glorious monastic chapel, and for the monastery which now stands on the site. Indeed, the original retreat house is contained within the buildings that now dominate the hill overlooking the pleasant town of Bracebridge. Father Sadler was a man with vision, and his efforts were not in vain. Today, retreats are held there and are attended by people from all over Canada, and the United States, yes, and beyond the American continent. Meantime, the influence of the Society of St. John the Evangelist has permeated the whole Canadian church.

Baysville is situated some seventeen miles from Bracebridge in glorious Muskoka lake country. I spent two days with Father Sadler and his charming and hospitable wife in the lovely home they had built overlooking the Muskoka River. They were so happy to share their lovely home with the clergy. On the day I was to leave they gave me a beautiful brass cross and two candlesticks for the altar at Baysville.

I caught the famous Kelly's Stage (car in the summer, and horses in the winter) and set forth to my new work. Eagerly I scanned the passing countryside and watched for the first glimpse of Baysville. My driver said I would see the church before I entered the village. The beautiful church, almost new and built to replace the one destroyed by fire, was dedicated to St. Ambrose. It was a well-built structure of Milton brick, having a beautifully-toned bell, and a tower surmounted by a golden cross. Now on this fall afternoon I saw it for the first time, and my heart thrilled within me.

Our equipage drew up in front of the store owned by Mr. Bob Ellis, the priest's warden. After due shaking of hands Bob proposed that, since the women's auxiliary of the church was meeting in the church hall, I might like to go up and meet the ladies, and have a cup of tea. We walked to the church and hall which are built on the top of a hill overlooking the village. News of my coming had spread and they were naturally curious to gain a glimpse of the "new minister." Glancing up while some distance away I saw women's faces in each of the hall windows but, when we entered the building, behold, every lady was seated at her work. They were making mats and quilts. I never let on that I had seen them peeking out of the hall windows.

After we had enjoyed our cup of tea, Mr. Ellis showed me the lovely church, one of the prettiest little churches in Muskoka. The interior was finished in birch wood. The sanctuary was adorned with stained glass windows portraying St. Monica, St. Cecelia, and the Good Shepherd; the other windows had beautiful, tinted glass. It was so clean and so bright. I was indeed delighted with St. Ambrose Church. It seemed rather strange that while the Anglican Church was dedicated to a Latin saint, the Roman Catholic Church bore the name of the patron saint of England, Saint George.

I was quite taken with the large old rectory. It has so many outbuildings on the back, woodsheds and other appendages, that the kitchen windows were darkened. The rooms in the house were large and pleasant: front room, study, dining room, four bedrooms, an attic bathroom with a storage tank for cold water for a bath (the hot water had to be carried up in buckets). To get the cold water up to the attic required hours of pumping the force pump in the kitchen. I could picture myself building up enormous muscles by the effort but, alas, I lacked the ambition and took my baths in a tin washtub on the kitchen floor.

There was a nice fireplace in the study, which room served both as a sitting room and study because I had no furniture for the big, front room. I was immensely pleased with the nice big garden containing some large maple trees, a nice lawn, and a sizeable kitchen garden. I am very fond of gardening, and here was my chance to practice it.

Our rectory was flanked by some excellent neighbors. On one side Miss Louie and Miss Maude Ellis lived; they were both wonderful church women. In the other side lived Mr. Mark Langford and his wife and daughter, Alberta. Alberta was the telephone operator, and the exchange was situated conveniently for my use. Arrangements had been made for me to stay a few days at the Baysville Hotel operated by Mr. and Mrs. Rowe and their fine family of boys and girls. Also, I was to arrange to get my meals there. I spent a few

days "settling in"; then moved into the rectory, or, as it was called more correctly, "the Parsonage." I felt like a solitary pea in a large pod as I walked around my large, almost empty house. It was heated by three large box stoves, the fireplace and the Abraham Lincoln kitchen range. In addition to this there was also a Franklin stove. As it was November there was no time to be lost in ordering wood-maple and birch. This had to be split for the kitchen stove. I had never split wood before, and I used to split enough for a day or two and then quit to recuperate. There were, I should judge conservatively speaking, some four miles of stove pipes that traveled like a huge boa constrictor along the ceilings round the corners upstairs into the bedrooms. Owing to the formation of creosote in the elbows, these all had to be taken down, cleaned out and replaced at least twice in the winter time. I found great use for the psalms of imprecation when performing this "operation stove pipe"; they emptied soot down my neck, cut chunks of flesh out of my hands, and refused to be joined together and, once joined, refused like good Christians to let any person put them asunder.

That first winter was quite severe, and I strove manfully to keep the stoves going, gradually abandoning stove after stove until I only had the stove and fireplace going in the study to which I had retreated. Then the pump froze up. The well was under the dining room floor. I lifted the trap door in the floor, pushed aside the boards covering the well and, by lowering a bucket on a rope, I kept myself supplied with fresh, cold water.

My mission consisted of—besides the village of Baysville—St. Mary Magdalene's Church at Dorset, some twenty miles away, Fox Point where there was a lovely little church of St. John in the Woods. and Port Cunnington where there was a nice group of church people but no church. These last

two places, like Dorset, were situated on the beautiful Lake of Bays, a sheet of water with three hundred and sixty-five miles of shoreline. I discovered that Dorset church was closed as there were so few people left of our faith, and that Fox Point and Port Cunnington closed up for services after November until the break up of the ice. I resolved to remedy this situation and open Dorset; also to walk over the ice to Fox Point and Port Cunnington. The Bishop had promised to get me a motorboat for the summer so that I could reach all my places regularly. I began my work in Baysville by commencing regular Sunday services and frequent weekday services. Soon after my arrival I was merrily ringing the big church bell for a saint's day service on a weekday when I looked out of the open door and observed considerable runnings to and fro in the village. Men appeared as if by magic. I did not know that the church bell was the fire bell too. I refused to give up ringing it on weekdays, but agreed to ring a distinctive peal.

I found a warm reception among the Baysville folk, and soon I was eating meals all over the place. I have avoided as far as possible mentioning too many names in this book because so very many were so generous and kind to me that to mention one I should mention all; however, I cannot refrain from mentioning the Alfred Winder family, the Roberts family of Rosebank Farm, and the Rowe family of Baysville Hotel. These and many more received me constantly in their homes. Every Christmas I was in the mission I spent at the Alfred Winder home. The two Miss Ellises, my next door neighbors, were always sending me food.

I had my snowshoes and resolved to get to Fox Point and Port Cunnington. I got a ride part way up the lake road with the old mail carrier in his sleigh, then took off across the lake to visit and pray with my people who were most isolated. I would have night prayers with the family, then instruct the children. The following morning I would have a Holy Communion service in the house, and then move on to the next house. As I seldom knew the day I would get back to Baysville I would sometimes discover that the fire was out and the temperature in the rooms below freezing. Then I would quickly light a fire, heat a brick and climb between the blankets with the brick at my feet.

I was very happy in my lovely little church of St. Ambrose. The altar was now adorned with the candlesticks given by Father Sadler, and I had replaced the wooden cross with the fine brass cross that went with the candlesticks. I used my linen vestments in Holy Communion, and Miss Nancy Roberts of Rosebank Farm played a Sung Eucharist. There were no real protests except from one dear old man who remarked: "We'll be 'avin 'oly water next"; however, he kept coming just the same. I had a problem of introducing wafer bread into the service. In a way I hesitated because for years certain women had carefully prepared the ordinary bread in such a loving and reverent manner. First I told the congregation about the Biblical authority for the unleavened bread. Then I spoke of its advantages in not breaking into crumbs. Then I pointed out it was made by Church Sisters whose good works of prayer and active service was helped by the sale of the wafer bread. Finally I said if any still preferred the ordinary bread, I would have it for them. Three devout old people did ask, and I was most careful in supplying their request. Finally these dear people told me it was all right to treat them like the rest of the people. As St. Teresa said: "More flies are caught by a spoonful of sugar than by a barrel full of vinegar."

MY NAUTICAL CAREER

As MY FIRST WINTER IN BAYSVILLE sped along I heard frequently from Bishop Rocksborough Smith about the boat I would have to have to do my work when the lake ice thawed. The parish church of St. Mary, in the town of Stafford, in England, was performing a wonderful missionary work by purchasing and partly maintaining a fleet of mission boats in different parts of the world, and the Bishop was in contact with them about a boat for the Baysville mission. I was praying that he might succeed in his efforts. The ice went out in the middle of April and Mr. Bob Ellis kindly took me in his boat to Fox Point where I held my first service in the lovely little wooden church of Saint John in the Woods. This church could be reached by water only. It was interesting to see the boats coming from all directions and tying up at the church dock.

The church at Fox Point and the congregation at Port Cunnington were built up largely through the faithful witness of Mr. T. Salmon of Fox Point, and Mr. Cunnington after whom Port Cunnington was named. I met both of these grand old patriarchs of the church. Mr. Salmon was an English public school boy, and a graduate of Oxford University. As a young man he had discovered the lovely Lake of Bays, had chosen a spot and settled. Later he had married. He was a real pioneer and a mighty hunter and fisherman. His fine, bearded face bespoke his strong char-

acter. He was marvelous at handling a canoe. The Salmon snowshoes were much in demand. They were beautifully made, and he could also build canoes. The lovely big house, its pleasant rooms and big fireplace, the nice grounds and fenced fields, all wrested from the wild forest, were a testimony. Mr. Salmon and the son and daughter were such fine people. I was always a welcome guest for any length of time I chose to stay. Mr. Cunnington too was just as wonderful a character. These good Church of England men who settled in Canada so many years ago saw to it that the worship of the Church was not forgotten. One of the first things they did was to build a church. I saw the Prayer Books and Bibles they had brought with them from the old country.

Often when Mr. Salmon, bearded and dressed for the woods, was guiding a party on a trip, he would come out with some Latin or Greek quotation from the ancient classics, and sundry American or Canadian professors or teachers on vacation would be quite excited to discover the husky guide was an Oxford scholar.

At the beginning of May I received word from the Bishop that St. Mary's, Stafford, was prepared to provide me with a boat, and that he, the Bishop, had purchased a boat for me. "It is," he wrote, "a large boat, and having been in use on Lake Superior should be safe for you on the Lake of Bays." As the only boat I knew, excepting the liner that brought me from England, was a tiny row boat on the Serpentine Pond near Hyde Park, London, I hardly fancied myself as a hardy mariner. In fact, a nautical career did not attract me in the least; however, a mission priest must be prepared for anything, and it was obvious I had to be a sailor to get to my scattered flock.

At last I received word from Bracebridge that there was a boat there for me. I went out with Kelly to the railway, and there on a flatcar sat my new command. To say that I was astonished was to put it mildly. The Bishop's words were true; it was a large boat indeed. I forget the exact specifications, but it was over nine feet wide in the beam. It had a huge engine with two carburetors, a big steering wheel—a veritable Noah's Ark.

I went back to Baysville and hired two big teams of horses to fetch my boat, the *St. Mary of Stafford*, to the Baysville River. It took the teams the better part of a day to fetch the boat. It made quite an imposing procession.

As many men were needed to launch it, I hurriedly went to the hotel and recruited a small army of men. "Oh boy," said a staunch Methodist. "I'm glad I'm not an Anglican to have to help pay for the gas this baby will take." With much sweating and groaning the St. Mary at last slipped into the river sideways. With a proud air I entered into my first command, but with no nautical knowledge, I must confess many doubts and misgivings assailed me, and these were added to when I got a local mechanic to inspect the huge engine. "Boy, O' boy," that worthy exclaimed, "this engine hasn't run for ages." The cylinders were corroded, the wires bare in many places; however, he started to work. After several days, with a mighty roar the engine awoke to life; so great was the racket that the intrepid skipper quickly abandoned ship and leaped for the dock. The flywheel threw up a mighty stream of black, oily water from the bilge and spattered the wall of the boat house.

The next day, accompanied by the mechanic, I went on my virgin voyage. I proudly displayed my colors, the flag that was actually registered at Lloyd's of London. It was the flag of the Mission Fleet of St. Mary of Stafford, a St. George cross displaying the Stafford knot, and a figure of St. Mary the Virgin. I sat behind the big wheel, steering. It was a lovely day. The trees on the shore and islands were bursting into the fresh foliage of spring, white winged gulls wheeling against the brilliant blue sky. We called at the White House, a big summer resort, then continued right on to Dorset, then home again. Though not likely to set a speed record, the St. Mary lumbered along at a fair speed. "Well," said the mechanic as we tied up at Baysville dock, "we made it, but she's touchy alright." Alas, how true I found his words to be.

The Sunday following I had the early service in St. Ambrose Church, Baysville; then I had sent word that I would be at Dorset at eleven A.M. and at Fox Point at three P.M. and back in Baysville for seven P.M. evensong. At Fox Point a number of unbaptized babies had been rounded up for holy baptism at the afternoon service. I climbed aboard, cranked the engine, which started right away, and proceeded up the river to the opening of the lake. The river was calm, but as soon as I entered the narrows the wind began to get up and in the open lake I encountered a rolling sea. However, the noble craft rode them well. I was very happy; from the lofty bridge the benign face of skipper Warder surveyed the rolling main.

In such an atmosphere I could not refrain from bursting into song. I was away up the lake opposite Black Point with the sea increasing. I was bellowing out "Seven men on a dead man's chest, yo, ho, ho, and a barrel of rum," when the engine changed its tune, gave a series of coughing gasps and expired. Hurriedly I left the wheel and scampered aft to the engine room. Left to her own devices the *St. Mary* lost way and began to roll in the trough of the waves. I primed and I jiggled; I primed the petcocks with gasoline, and I cranked—the crank was such a weight to turn. I per-

spired profusely, but there was neither life nor movement.

Now I perceived that the boat was drifting helplessly towards the rocky coast. I seized the paddle and strove to ward her off, but alas, the St. Mary was too wide in the beam and high in the bulwarks, and the strong wind rendered my efforts futile. I cast anxious eyes seaward and espied a powerful speedboat sending up plumes of spray from her sharp bows. Standing on the forepeak abaft the bridge, I went through the age-old motions of the shipwrecked mariner. I shouted at the top of my voice: "Ahoy there, splice the mainbrace, avast the binnacle," or words to such effect. The big boat turned on her course displaying the American colors as well as the Canadian flag. It was the good, benevolent American doctor who owned an island at the mouth of the Baysville River. Soon I had a line aboard, he towed me to shore and we tied up at a dock. Dear, good and patient doctor, little did he know as he ruined a nice suit of white flannel while he worked on the vitals of the engine that this would not be the last occasion. He was a wonderful man, never lost patience, even when one day the St. Mary demolished his dock.

I was quite some time learning to dock my ship. I used to take aim, close my eyes and hope for the best. The *St. Mary's* staunch hull could take it, even when the docks could not.

One day I approached a dock on which a number of ladies and gentlemen were taking afternoon tea. The whole party fled at my approach. I am glad to say that all escaped except old Miss Pomeroy who, at the age of eighty, was most nimble; she only sustained a sprained ankle.

In time I mastered docking and could lay myself alongside any dock as lightly as a feather. Well, the best attempts of the doctor proved of no avail and I never got to Dorset; and the poor mothers at Fox Point waited an hour with babies and sponsors.

It became obvious that the first St. Mary was no good for me unless I employed a steady mechanic. I got the mechanic to write a technical report which I sent to the Bishop, so the first big boat was sold. I purchased a smaller boat-a neat little white launch-only, alas, to find her untrustworthy despite the upholstered cushions and shining paint. The Bishop declared that as I knew nothing about boats (neither, I subsequently discovered, did he, despite his being a good bishop), he was sending in a boat mechanic from Gravenhurst. The man arrived when I was out. He took the boat out, and it performed admirably. I took it out and it expired. This time it was dark before I was rescued. Again I discovered we had been had. When I bought the boat it had, it was alleged, the cylinders primed with heavy grease to give compression to the engine; even the Bishop's mechanic was deceived. Now, I met a Mr. Molesworth who dealt in brand new Peterborough boats. He offered a good price on a seventeen-foot, sixteen horsepowered outboard-powered boat. As my work was practically at a standstill the Bishop, not without a few moans, authorized the purchase, and I had a lovely boat. From St. Mary's Church, Stafford, England, I received a piece of tudor oak from the beams of the old church. This was built into the boat. I could now boast of owning an historical craft linked with the Tudor sovereigns of England. The Bishop decided that the boat should be duly hallowed and receive the blessing of the Church, so on a lovely July evening the Bishop, accompanied by Canon Hyde of Westminster Abbey, and Canon Stacy Waddy, the general secretary of the Society for the Popagation of the Gospel (one of England's most ancient and illustrious missionary societies) dedicated St. Mary of Stafford the Third. Now I had no further mechanical trouble, and became in time a fairly proficient skipper.

The new boat had a built-in foredeck to hold my equip-

ment. It also had navigation lights. This boat I navigated for years from the time the ice thawed until December when my oilskins would be coated with ice so they stood up straight when I got out of them.

I realized that sometime I would have to use a canoe in Canada, so I decided one day when I was alone on a tourist house dock where a canoe was tied up to take my first lesson. The lesson was surprisingly brief, about three seconds I should judge. I untied the canoe, stepped into it, stood up and gave a hearty shove-off, and it playfully tossed me out and turned upside down. A very wet reverend had to go up to the house, soaked to the skin. Fortunately my clerical collar was of the waterproof variety; things might have been worse. However, I learned in time to paddle my own canoe, and later traveled in canoes for many miles. They are delightful things to travel in.

I was very busy in the Baysville mission trying to visit every family regularly. I could foresee great possibilities for a young man. The trouble was I had no money to buy a car; there were roads, or what passed for roads, that could be driven on, but without a car I had to take the boat as far as possible and then strike off into the interior. At last I decided to purchase a bicycle. Kelly drove me to Bracebridge and I got a wheel "on time," that is ten dollars down and the rest by faith, hope and charity; but I did pay for it in time. I rode home the seventeen miles to Baysville and was quite tired. For a time I traveled a lot on the bicycle; when the lake was adjudged too rough for safety I would cycle to Dorset and back for service at Baysville. This I would do over forty miles on terribly sandy and hilly roads. One hot Sunday I got back as far as Baysville farm, soaked with perspiration and alarmed the good people by having a slight heart attack. A young doctor who was vacationing there said I had discovered a sure way to keep from growing old: I never would grow old if I kept on with such feats of endurance; so I stopped cycling, and ruined myself financially by hiring cars which I hired "on time." In the winter I had to hire a horse and cutter. The horse was a long-faced and sad individual; we never liked each other from the first. When I got in the cutter he would look around at me with a melancholy air and settle into a half-hearted trot until we got out into the country when, despite my urgings, he took his own good time; but when we got within a mile from home on the way back, he emulated the winner of the Kentucky Derby, and we flew through the village. He was, however, considerate enough to let me get out and walk ahead or alongside to keep from freezing. I had to learn to harness and unharness this horse. When I stayed overnight with a family, I got his things off the first try, but the following morning when in a fine spirit of independence I refused the offer of my host to harness the horse, I was sorely puzzled. However, with the aid of a picture in an Eaton's catalogue I got most of the things on the beast until I came to putting the bit in his mouth. To keep away from his legs I had tossed things on him, but you cannot toss a bit into a horse's mouth. His fine set of dentures remained firmly closed. I had to swallow my pride and seek my host who, after a firm blow on the nag's nose, slipped the bit in just as he opened his mouth to bite.

It is surprising the various things the "compleate" missionary has to learn in dealing with humans and nonhumans. I remember when I was still a young and callow priest a determined woman who used to drag a buxom fifteen-year-old daughter into my study with the request that I give her a real good talking-to. The good woman would first recite the poor girl's sins and so-called wickedness, while she,

poor child, blushed scarlet. Then the mother would stalk out leaving us alone. And a man once brought his boy for confirmation instruction with his expressed permission to freely "tan his behind if he cuts up!" Introducing children to the priest in such circumstances makes it difficult to break down the wall of an awkward introduction.

On a mild day in December, just three months after my arrival, two women arrived at my Baysville parsonage; they had walked many miles besides riding on a stage sled. I made a good pot of tea and rustled up some food as they sat before a big fire of maple logs in my fireplace. They then told me that they came as a deputation from six church families that lived around Norway Point to see if I would come up and conduct occasional services for them. The spokeswoman, a Mrs. Harris, lived with her husband as caretakers of a big private summer home near Black Point. Little did these two resolute women realize that the result of their long winter walk would be the building of a church.

A few days later I started out on the mail stage part of the way, then donned my snowshoes and tramped to the big house that looked out over the beautiful Lake of Bays with its three hundred and sixty-five miles of rugged shoreline.

Mr. Harris and his good wife warmly welcomed me and, after supper, the people began to arrive and we had a nice service, after which we sat drinking tea and planning to have services at different homes in turn. I stayed all night, had a celebration of Holy Communion for the Harrises, and then trudged away on the first lap of my return journey on my tennis-racquet-shaped snowshoes. I was now quite an expert on these indispensable aids to snow travel. On the level stretches of the frozen lake the snow packs with the wind, and at time I ran on the snowshoes; in the spring, however, when the snow is soft, or after a big storm, your feet sink

into the snow. Snowshoeing can become quite a task then as you lift a quantity of snow on your shoes every time you lift up your feet.

To get money to buy land on which to build a church and as a surprise to me, the redoubtable Mrs. Harris wrote letters to various celebrities including Lord Davidson, the Archbishop of Canterbury. How surprised I was when Mrs. Harris proudly showed me the answer from the Archbishop enclosing a personal draft for five pounds! Mrs. Harris also wrote Sir William Mulock, once Postmaster General of Canada, and then Chief Justice of Ontario. A famous person, indeed, and known as the "Grand Old Man of Ontario." He came across generously. As well as individuals, many business firms were written to by this wonderful person. She would open a newspaper and, if a prominent person "looked kind," he or she received a letter from Mrs. Harris.

We worked hard clearing up the land, and the summer following our tent services saw Saint Mary the Virgin, Norway Point, built and opened for divine service, a beautiful little white frame church in such pretty surroundings. It was a proud day for all of us when on a bright summer morning Bishop Rocksborough Smith opened St. Mary's Church and a big congregation assembled.

MATTERS MATRIMONIAL

Miss Ann Brewer all the months I lived alone in Baysville parsonage. I was becoming more and more aware of the truth of the scriptural admonition that "it was not good for man to live alone." Then I received the news that Ann and her father and mother were coming to visit Baysville. I made arrangements for them to stay at Rose Bank Farm, and, on a lovely September afternoon, one of my church boys dashed into my room with the breathlessly-given news: "Father Warder, yer girl's 'ere."

One prefers to draw the veil of reticence over that happy week. Mr. Lee Roberts as one of the churchwardens and a self-appointed chaperone became somewhat of a pest, albeit a jovial one. I took the Brewers to tea at various homes, and Ann and I went fishing for speckled trout. The moon was full so we got engaged, and the wedding day was set for October. After the departure of the Brewers there was quite a flutter in the dovecote so to speak. The ladies of the woman's auxiliary invaded the parsonage and put me to flight. Such wielding of scrub brushes, such scouring of this and that; the nice big front room which I had used as a place to throw things into was now dug out. Moreover, the windows were adorned with curtains, a new linoleum rug was set down in the study or sitting room, and Whiskers, my nondescript mongrel, faithful companion and one who

had kept me warm on many a cold night, was now submitted to the indignity of a bath, acquiring an uncomfortable respectability. But after all of this was done and I looked around my sparklingly clean abode, I was aware of the scarcity of furniture. There were two ancient beds and my orange-box dressing table, though now skirted with bright and ruffled cretonne, still was made of orange boxes. The bathtub in the attic had only a big tank of cold water which was pumped up from the kitchen; then one had to carry up all the hot water. When all was said and done I was going to bring my bride from a fully-equipped and luxurious city home to a place of almost spartan simplicity.

When I had conducted Ann on the grand tour through the parsonage, she stood in silent contemplation of the Abraham Lincoln kitchen stove, a wondrous affair of intricate pattern and metallic scroll work. If a few Botticelli cherubs had been added, it would have looked like a work of art. The pile of red, rusty dust in the ancient oven drew no comment from my future wife. Well, dear girl, she had agreed to take me for better or for worse, so she faithfully accepted things as they were. As the time drew near for my wedding trip I had the strange sensation of announcing my own banns of marriage in as nonchalant a tone as ever. I spoke of "Richard the Bachelor" of the parish of St. Ambrose, Baysville, and of Ann Gertrude of the parish of St. John the Evangelist within the City of Sault Ste. Marie, stating that if any one knew of any cause or just impediment as to why these persons should not be wed, they were to declare it before it was too late. Not a soul said a thing, but this may have been because they had only known me a short time, or because they wanted a lady in the parsonage.

On the happy day of the wedding, St. John's Church was packed. As Ann had been the leader of some fifty girls in the

Junior Woman's Auxiliary, they were present as mourners. They didn't like me taking their "Miss Brewer" away from them. Foolishly I had shown up at their farewell party and was only saved from a lynching by Ann herself; as it was, my wedding suit (on credit) was badly messed up; but I forgave the girls for I knew how great their loss was going to be. It rained on our wedding day, but the church was beautifully decorated, and there were seven other clergymen besides Bishop Rocksborough Smith, who was resplendent in cope and mitre. The rector of the church, the Reverend Robert Flemming, actually married us, but all had some part. I was granted the privilege of a nuptial mass, and Ann and I knelt together to receive the Blessed Sacrament, and the candles on the altar were actually lit for the occasion. We went to see Archbishop Thorneloe and knelt as the saintly and venerable old man gave us his blessing. Our little flower girl, Gladys Walls, age two, getting tired of chucking flowers about, decided to improve the polish on her shoes by applying the hem of the Bishop's cope for the purpose.

After the service came the sumptuous breakfast; the beautiful cake iced by Mr. Brewer himself, who was famous as a baker, was a magnificent structure. We had champagne and, as the Bible says, "wines on the lees well refined." The Bishop made a speech quoting as a description of the bridegroom the words of the Psalm which states: "I am a very worm and no man." I was content to be a humble worm and let my beautiful bride enjoy all the center of attraction. The Episcopal Church was represented by the Rector of St. James Church from over on the American side.

In the afternoon came that form of wedding torture known as having the wedding pictures taken. The photographer checked around us like an anxious collie dog with a herd of pig-headed sheep. "Now Mr. Brewer, raise your arm just a tenny-weeny bit higher." The dear little flower girl wanted to be taken from the rear instead of from the front. The picture turned out good despite the smirk of triumph on the bridegroom, and the somewhat forced and murderous smile on dear father Brewer.

At the dance in St. John's parish hall at night, I received from a good friend a timely warning of diabolical plots against the privacy of the newly-married so, after shaking hands with all and smiling with sheer pleasure on all and sundry, Ann and I gracefully disappeared through the basement. We had been told to go down the street, turn right at the corner and watch for a Ford car. With beating hearts we followed our instructions. Sure enough, a Ford car emerged from the fog, the door opened and there was good Mr. Frank Darlington, one of the St. Peter's Church wardens. He drove down several streets to baffle any pursuers; so the birds were delivered out of the nets of the fowlers.

Great was the hue and cry when our escape became known, but none found our hiding place. I called up my father-in-law, and Ann spoke to her mother, but we would not reveal even to loved ones the secret of our whereabouts.

We did not have a honeymoon; we had neither the money nor the time. Two days after we had packed six barrels-full of gifts and had been loaded down with things I had admired so much until they were given to us, we were escorted to the train by lots of well-wishers, and started off to Baysville. I have never ceased to thank God for the good wife He gave me on that happy marriage day.

Now the old parsonage came to life. The Abraham Lincoln kitchen stove glowed red-hot as pies and goodies flowed forth from its oven. And as skillful with paint brushes as she was with skillets, Ann made the ancient floors and drab walls

glow with colors. I would come home tired and worn to revive before the roaring, open fire and a good hot meal. The three congregations had showers for us. The Baysville people filled the fruit closet with fruits and preserves. The old house exuded an air of welcome, and Sunday nights after evensong the people crowded in. We were supremely happy; even on the first Christmas Day Ann was away from her folks she was so busy and happy that she had little time to be lonesome.

Now appeared through the generosity of Mr. Brewer's wedding check, our first car, christened Christopher the First, a Model T Ford, and Ann became the driver. We bargained that I would skipper our boat, and Ann would drive "Christopher." She had never driven before, but soon mastered the car. We got the car in May, and two days later left on the great adventure of driving home to Sault Ste. Marie. Ann could not back up yet, so we kept driving in one direction, in fact we went some six hundred miles to turn around. Good old Christopher the First ambled along at thirty-to-forty miles an hour there and back, and we had a glorious trip.

Ann had had charge of one of her father's stores in Sault Ste. Marie so she now took charge of our money. I gladly awarded her the position of secretary of the treasury as well as that of treasurer of the Warder household, a position she has held for many years. I had lots of bills, I am afraid; there was still a chunk owing the dear patient Harcourts of Toronto who, bless their hearts, never rush a priest; this was on my ordination outfit. Now my wedding suit was added. The G.B.R.E. store in Toronto had supplied me with things I needed in church work. There was the general store bill in Baysville and, biggest of all, my hire-of-cars bill. All these good folks were kind and they gratefully received

monthly five-dollar contributions, and, indeed, it was that or nothing; even three-seventy-five would keep open diplomatic relations. Now Ann began to manage. She pinched and scraped, she planned and plotted and, behold, we began to rise from the financial slough of despond. We would, declared the wife, buy as we went along and pay for what we got.

The work in the mission was now developing splendidly. Each summer, I was provided with a divinity student from Trinity College, Toronto. All were good, but some were better than others. The best was the Bishop's youngest son, Selwyn. Of all the cheerful and jolly young fellows, he was the best I ever encountered. Young, tall and carefree, he exuded happiness wherever he went. He closely resembled one of the young men of the Wodehouse variety only with more common sense. To him I became "Rev," and I didn't mind it a bit. His favorite repertoire was from the *Pirates of Penzance*, and we were forever hearing of "his cousins and his nieces and his uncles and his aunts."

Dear Selwyn, he got into scrapes also. When leaving the paternal roof he had picked up a goodly sheaf of his father's sermons. It just happened that among the spoils was a sermon his father had recently preached at the three churches in this parish. The text was "Thou hast set my foot in a large room, yea, I have a goodly heritage." Selwyn got this down pat and practically preached it from memory. He was quite pleased with himself until an old man at Fox Point church said: "You preach your father's sermons very well, young man."

We shared the *St. Mary of Stafford* between us. Selwyn ran her wide open. By removing the cutout he gained more speed, but the exhaust noise was so loud it brought forth angry comments from those who sought peace and quiet. We

were allowed some ten pounds or about fifty dollars a year for gas; that was a princely sum in those days. I was always cautioning Selwyn to be economical with our gas, and he assured. "Rev." that he would be as pinching as a miser; said he: "Selwyn, the gas saver, is my second name." One day, when Ann and I were visiting a big summer home seated on a high glassed-in veranda, I heard the loud roar of a boat engine, and saw, away out in the lake, a boat full of people going round in circles. I remarked to mine host on the stupidity of people going round in senseless circles. "Here," quoth he, "take a look through the binoculars. I think you'll know the young man." I took a look and, lo! and behold, it was my student of divinity and the good old St. Mary of Stafford laden to the water line with a bevy of bathing beauties-a cargo of red-blooded Canadian and American girls. A few days later I met Selwyn and inquired how his gas bill was flourishing. I presume, says I, that you spend the afternoons in parochial visitations. "Yes, indeed, Rev," quoth the student of divinity. "Well, who were the young ladies in the boat last Wednesday?" I inquired. He turned the color of a pickled beet. "Oh, those," he laughed, "I was inviting them to church on Sunday." Perhaps it was true, for when Selwyn held forth solemnly on Sundays the front pews were, I was told, filled with starry-eyed young things. When I occupied the pulpits, there were fewer teenagers.

I have to record that Selwyn went over his twenty-five-dollar gas allowance. I divided the grant between us, and I was hard-hearted enough to let him pay for his excess gas out of the present of money the people gave him at the end of the summer. He took it like a man. I had him for three summers, and he had a way with young and old. Just a boy himself, he would read the Bible to poor old bedridden Mrs.

Grummet who called him "that lovely young man from the church." He would be the heart and soul of a schoolhouse dance on Saturday night. He was a tonic to us all. Selwyn being the Bishop's son, his Lordship had exhorted me to keep an eye on him as he had no sense of fear. On a day when the worst storm I had ever known on the big lake was raging, so that even the big passenger steamer was tied up, I was told that Selwyn was on the lake. I drove along the shore and saw him away out. Every now and then the boat actually was lost from sight. Owing to the howl of the wind I could not get Selwyn's attention. I drove slowly along until I knew his boat would have to approach nearer to the shore. Then by sounding the car horn, and waving a cloth, I was able to get in contact. He was quite upset when I made him pull the boat up out of the surf. "Don't worry about me, Rev, I can swim." "What gave you the impression I was concerned about you," I retorted. "That's a new boat, I don't want it piled on the rocks and smashed up. I can easily get another divinity student, but I'd have a heck of a time getting a new St. Mary of Stafford."

The remainder of my time in Baysville brought me in contact with the beginnings of the Cowley Fathers. I shall ever regard their coming as a particular answer to prayer. Before there was even any hint of a monastic order coming to the diocese of Algoma, I had not only prayed personally that one might come but, as a member of the confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, I had submitted such a petition to their monthly intercession sheet. This desire of my heart had therefore been shared by many. It had also been shared by Father Ralph Sadler who foresaw what a help a religious order would be in fostering his dearest dream of retreats within the diocese of Algoma. Father Sadler had himself met with much discouragement. If I remember aright, he was

told by some lay officials in high standing in the diocese that though no doubt retreats were good things, yet for such a diocese as Algoma they were luxuries, and such luxuries we could ill afford!

Well, despite all, the proof of the powers of prayer and faith is to be seen in the beautiful monastic buildings at Bracebridge, and in the fact that not just one religious order came, but two: the Cowley Fathers for men, and then the Sisters of St. Margaret, who were later replaced (after having wrought wonders) by the present equally-devoted Sisters of St. John the Divine. Bracebridge became a mecca for those seeking rest and quiet and peace of mind. On the streets of the little town, religious in their habits became a familiar sight. They made a vivid impression in several ways especially one day when two sisters knocked down with their car a power pole by the post office.

The advance guard of Cowley Fathers consisted of the Rev. R. E. Palmer, S.S.J.E., the Rev. W. T. Turney, S.S.J.E. and Brother Edward, S.S.J.E. The latter was indeed a rotund and jolly monk. Everybody loved Brother Edward with his white hair and round, jolly, red face. He became everyone's brother, and gained access to homes of people far and wide, even people who never went to any church. Later on Father L. Rose, S.S.J.E., a wonderful musician, joined them. He was an expert on liturgical music, but was very serious about the matter. I well remember Father Rose coming to give my Baysville people a talk on "church music of the later medieval period." My good farmers and country men sat entranced at the flood of vocal technicalities that flowed from the good father; it was excellent all right, but I'm afraid the tea and refreshments were regarded as the real treat of the evening.

The good fathers started off a spartan existence in a tent,

then moved into the old retreat house; then for a summer they lived in Sadler's house. Finally, after fixing the roof and the chapel, they moved into the old retreat house, calling it by its present popular name the Mission House, but giving it the Sunday name of the House of the Transfiguration.

Improvements and additions quickly followed, and were paid for as they were acquired. And the crown of the whole scheme was the final building of the beautiful stone chapel built in the severe yet beautiful Norman style of architecture. The chapel is as rugged and solid as the beautiful Muskoka rocks themselves. Under the splendid and loving ministry of Father Palmer who won the hearts of people of all kinds, the Mission House soon made itself felt in the little settlements, hamlets and villages all around. Little churches that had been closed were opened, new churches were built. Not only were services conducted for the welfare of the souls of men, but agricultural education was given for the improvement of the lands and crops. A clothing store was opened; the Sunshine House provided. It was a complete ministry for soul and body. The printing press was turning out simple and readable instructive matter for wide distribution. The monastic loom turned out mats and rugs. The farm, with its animals and gardens, was an example to all and sundry. As time went on, men entered the novitiate and the order began to deevlop. Today, the order is reaching out to even greater things.

I was able to get help in my missions. What wonderful spoils I was laden with on my frequent visits to the Cowley Fathers: books and linens, vestments and plate. They were generous, indeed, considering their own great needs. But the greatest help was the personal assistance of Father Palmer, the Superior. First he conducted a wonderful mis-

sion in Baysville, and subsequently in other of my parishes also. The idea of calling an Anglican clergyman "Father" was at first rather hard on many of my good churchmen who were Orangemen. Also it was rumored that old Mrs. Plumtree "would call no man "father,"—didn't the Good Book forbid it? She believed that Mr. Palmer was a good man, though too High for her, and she would go and hear him. However, when the missioner had introduced himself, he said: "Call me what you will, Roland if you want, but don't call me late for supper." In a more serious vein he explained why people called priests fathers, and after that first address of the mission the title was won for all the Cowleys.

The Mission was very much blessed, not only during the time it was conducted, but its teachings helped me tremendously in my work. I fear I was hard on Father Palmer for, besides the daily Eucharist, the children's mission at four P.M., and the evening service at 7:30 P.M., I took him visiting everybody including some good Methodist homes. We tramped out to the country and, at one isolated home, we were asked if we could drive out the ghost of an old woman. The owner of the home said that the family before him had "an aunt in the attic." She had been a crippled lady, and it was alleged they had treated her badly. Now at night they could hear her stick going tap, tap, tap, all night, and the boards used to creak. It was so spooky. Well, it appeared as if laying ghosts was just an ordinary, old, everyday sort of thing to request of Father Palmer. So we had nice prayers, especially for the repose of poor old auntie's soul. We prayed for the household, house and family; our devotions satisfied Mr. William Roberts and his family, and apparently satisfied the old lady. There were no more creakings or tappings, nor the sound of an invisible rocking chair constantly rocking.

Ann was anxious for Father Palmer to sleep in state in the

big front room. We fixed up a nice bed, lit the Franklin stove. In the big room the bed looked small, so did the little table and chair. It was away below zero at night so that Father Palmer's glass of water was frozen solid. The fire in the Franklin stove expired and the good priest, while expressing his appreciation of solitary grandeur, asked if for the rest of the mission he might sleep before the study fire.

The first mission was so well attended that I asked Father Palmer if we could arrange one for Fox Point and Port Cunnington people. He gladly consented and, about the first week in March when the lake ice was still sound, we set off up the lake—Ann, myself and Father Palmer. As in those days he was heavier than we were, he went ahead to break the trail. We waddled like serious ducks in a straight line across the ice to Fox Point where we got a warm welcome from the Salmon family. At eight P.M., we saw the light of the lanterns coming from various points on the lake, and the congregation arrived, men, women and children, all rosy from the frosty air.

Mr. Salmon had the open fireplace full of big maple logs, a roaring fire. Father Palmer sat in a chair in the center and all gathered around. Thus the mission started. Next morning we had Holy Communion. Then on we went to Port Cunnington. We went to different homes each night, and Father Palmer drew the people after him. When it became too far for people to follow on foot they brought out their teams and loaded sleighs with people wrapped in blankets. Our crowds increased every night, and the singing improved; violins and guitars were enlisted.

Ann and I became so proficient on snowshoes that we could even run in them. Once, on the trail, I had courteously insisted on leading our procession as I knew the way. So I went in front, Father Palmer next and Ann last so she could

have the advantage of a packed trail. I had a tremendous pipe named Vesuvius. I bought a good, strong, cheap French-Canadian tobacco. I did not realize that Father Palmer was traveling in a perpetual tobacco fog until the good man pointed it out to me. "I'm practically choked," he said, "and from now on, I'll go first." One day I lost my pipe out on the lake to Father Palmer's great satisfaction; I missed Vesuvius and mourned him greatly. Well, we got to Boothby's farm and were all sitting by the fire when a man came in. "Is this your pipe, Parson?" said he, "I found it on the lake." It was indeed Vesuvius. Father Palmer gave a hollow groan.

This first tramping mission was so gladly received by the people who had never before had any services from early December until May, that we continued them every spring. The teaching given was good, solid, definite church teaching based on the solid meat of the Gospel and presented as only Father Palmer can present it. We had merriment and fun and live religion. I often wish I could go through a tramping mission again.

On April 4, 1930, our little son was born in Bracebridge Hospital. One of the churchwardens, Mr. Alfred Winder, had spent the anxious hours with me waiting for the coming of our child. He was a great help to me. In the long history of Baysville church there had never been a baby in the parsonage and now, on the very day of the feast of the patron saint of Baysville church, St. Ambrose, our little boy was born. Ann and I resolved that he would have to carry the name of Ambrose. I stayed in Baysville for a few days after the birth, and was invited to preach in the parish church of St. Thomas at the Lent service. My mind must have still been on our blessed event for I preached on the appropriate words, "Unto us a Child is born."

The day we brought Ann and the baby from the hospital the roads were going to pieces. We had to have a horse and cutter as the car could not have gotten through the water that was over the road in places. Once the cutter almost turned over. We certainly were glad to see St. Ambrose Church as we drew near the village. The good folks had the house nice and warm and supper ready at the parsonage. Father Palmer baptized our boy Richard Ambrose Warder, and he was admired by all the faithful.

Our boy became a portable model. We fixed up a clothes basket with two handles that would fit into the back seat of the car. When we went in the *St. Mary of Stafford* the clothes basket and the baby were borne to the dock and placed amidship. Once the infant traveled with Mr. Salmon in a canoe. We would certainly not have trusted anyone except the wise old woodsman.

Several years went by happily in the Baysville mission. We were able to get St. Magdalene's Church in Dorset reopened, and a regular, small but faithful congregation built up. The work at Norway Point gradually grew as more summer visitors discovered the church. It is the real responsibility of a mission priest to be on the watch for any new opportunities of ministering to people. A rather sad chain of events now opened the door of opportunity to me. That event was the depression that, having begun in the U.S.A., now spread to Canada. As our salary could scarcely be less we were not affected by the depression, but we saw our people hard hit, and tried to share in their vicissitudes.

It was decided by the government of Canada to move as many as possible of the unemployed men from the cities out into the country where they would be engaged in building roads and other public works; and part of this project was to be right within my parish. The road between Bracebridge nearly to Dorset was to be improved, largely rebuilt, and entirely new areas opened up for a wider road. I saw the beginning of six large camps, each camp situated some seven miles apart. Now I was anxious to get in on the ground floor and become chaplain to these camps.

First I wrote to the Bishop. Then I wrote to the Ontario government. Through various channels, through the Bishop, and through the interest of a good Anglican government official I received official permission to enter the camps and do all I could to help the men both materially and spiritually. I shall never forget the arrival of the men. It was the middle of November, with snow on the ground and hard frost in the air, when the truckloads of men began to arrive. They were standing like cattle in open trucks in thin city clothing and soft hats; some, I soon discovered, with no underwear at all. It was a crying shame. I wrote to the Red Cross headquarters at the various cities from which these men had been shipped asking for help and clothing, but it appeared that the Red Cross itself was exhausted from its efforts to help the women and children of the men, leaving little for the men themselves.

The foremen of the seven camps were fine, big experienced woodsmen used to all kinds of open-air work and rugged living. They were decent fellows and used to working with men, expert with axe and saw, and capable of handling dynamite and horses. Now they found themselves responsible for a hundred or so men who for the most part knew nothing of living and working in the woods. In their hands, the razor-sharp axe was a deadly danger and, knowing nothing of felling trees, they were liable to have a tree fall on them. These men were city clerks, school teachers, musicians, yes, even dentists and, in one case, a doctor. Some were restaurant waiters. All in all, they were extremely out

of place as builders of roads. The poor foremen were running here and there to prevent accidents. I remember one big husky foreman bemoaning his fate. "They don't need no foreman," he moaned. "What they need is a wet nurse. I told that chap there to pack some dynamite under that stump so we could blast her out, next thing I knew he was driving the dynamite stick in with the axe handle."

I was right on the job as soon as the camps opened. The men hardly had any mitts or coverings for their hands, no warm socks, and only thin summer clothing. Yet each camp had a commissary and clothing. I asked why they could not grant clothing. Orders, however, required that a man must work a week or more before he could get credit for clothing. The foremen had big fires made every so many yards apart, and let the men work ten minutes and then warm themselves for ten minutes. I now appealed to my three women's auxiliaries for help. Good Ann and the ladies of the church manufactured mitts out of old mackinaw pants and coats. I spent hours writing letters to city churches. Soon we had our big front room practically a warehouse of old clothing. Now dear old Christopher, the mission car, really justified his existence. The car was equipped with snow chains on the back wheels, a shovel, an axe, and a tow rope, all of which were in frequent use. I now loaded the car with all kinds of clothing and drove off. I bumped and bounced over the road when there was one and, when there wasn't, I got along somehow. Arriving where a gang of men were working I would heave out a pile of pants, coats, mitts and socks; in a loud voice I would cry my wares, "Who wants a pair of pants, who wants socks?" In a few minutes I was practically swamped under a deluge of men. They were good-natured about the whole thing. When two men with a pants leg apiece were just at the point of rending them in twain, the

bigger chap would relinquish his claim. I would then drive on to the next gang and the scene would be repeated. I noticed that men put the additional clothing on right in the woods. If they didn't they stood a chance of having it swiped. More and more clothing arrived, and was as quickly distributed but, with all our efforts, it was, I fear, too little; and many a man remained poorly clad. What struck me was the good humor of the men. University graduates applied pick and shovel side by side with an ex-day laborer. Our little dentist chap declared himself an expert at extracting tree stumps and roots, while the chartered accountant gave his skill in checking the time books. With no money, the men missed many of their little comforts; tobacco, snuff and cigarettes were not to be had until the end of the month. I could not puff contentedly on my pipe among these tobaccoless men. I began to do what I could when men asked for little things; my bag on my back became filled with orders, cigarette papers and tobacco. I lent Copenhagen snuff and risked bankruptcy buying pipe tobacco. As my bill rose higher at the local Baysville store, the owner thereof became more concerned; even dear Ann pointed out I was some fifty dollars in the hole.

All the dear fellows regarded their little debts as affairs of honor, especially as the minister himself did not breathe an air of opulence with his mud-spattered car and shabby clothing; so when payday came and the little bit of pocket money was doled out, they paid me first. Morever, they would give me an extra ten cents for less-fortunate chaps. I became the postman too, handing out the men's letters and parcels. I could stay the night at any camp, and I had free meals. The meals the men got for nothing were, I am glad to say, excellent. All that the men could eat was provided for them. As the men gradually acquired clothing, I began to get maga-

zines, books and games for them, including some athletic equipment. On a week night in turn I would hold a service in each camp, using the cook shack. The congregations were excellent. I had hymn sheets so the men chose the hymns they wanted. Strange to relate, "Jesus loves me this I know" was a prime favorite; it evoked memories of childhood I suppose. Then came "Fight the Good Fight" and "Onward Christian Soldiers." Occasionally I was able to have an early Holy Communion service in one of the bunk houses. There was a percentage of Anglican men in the camps, but men of all religions welcomed me warmly. As Christmas drew near I wrote to the Imperial Tobacco Company of Montreal asking if they could help me provide the men with a Christmas treat. To my joy, they responded with a big shipment, a present for every man in the camps. The Red Cross in the various cities the men came from sent wonderful gifts of socks and sweaters. I was now a Santa Claus indeed, and great was the joy. We had a real Christmas, more so, I believe, because the financial situation rendered the consumption of liquor impossible in the camps. There was homesickness, naturally; few could say "I'll be home for Christmas," for there was no money for train fare.

In a few months the inexperienced city men became good road builders. The foremen could release their vigilance. Today a fine wide road remains as an enduring monument to the men of the depression.

There was only one unpleasant incident during the time the camps were going; and that is what I shall call "The case of the eager bigamist." I shall not mention names to avoid embarrassment to good people. Near one of the camps dwelt a splendid family that lived on their nice farm. Being a kindly man, the farmer and his wife opened their home to the boys from the camps, and they, being far from their dear

ones, found the happy home and the good wife's cookies and hot tea a reminder of their homes. They used to fill the big farm kitchen, even sitting on the floor. There was the old organ in the parlor, and the farmer himself was no mean hand on the fiddle. Many a jolly evening was spent. Among the men was a big handsome fellow from the city of Ottawa. He was a city man. Now among the family was a pretty girl of eighteen, going on nineteen. Soon it became apparent that the man was entranced by this girl, and the girl equally attracted by the man.

Things developed rapidly, and soon he was proposing marriage to her. He was a Roman Catholic and, it seemed, willing to shelve his religion too easily. Oh yes, he would gladly join the Anglican Church. Sure, it didn't make any difference to what church you belonged. So things went on, and I was reluctantly calling the banns of matrimony in the local church. Then a man in the camp breathed in my ear a rumor to the effect that the young man was already a married man. Well, we knew he had been married, but he said his wife was dead and buried. I went to see him and slipped in a few more inquiries about his wife. She was buried, he said, in a Roman Catholic cemetery in Syracuse, New York, where he had been employed; he also told me her maiden name. I hurried home and phoned the chief of police of Syracuse, New York. I explained the situation, requesting that inquiries be made about the alleged burial. The Chief seemed rather puzzled as to why I had not first asked the Canadian police to contact the United States police; however, he said he would set machinery in motion. I also phoned the Ottawa police giving the man's name and the district from which he said he came. In a few days I was given an example of the efficiency of the ways of police research.

There had been no such burial of the person named. The man had been married in Ottawa, deserted his wife and had lived with a woman for six months. My would-be bridegroom was a potential bigamist. I had the unpleasant task of going to the camp and informing the wretched man of my discoveries. He let fly a few curses and threats against my future. I said, "I'll give you half an hour before I go to the girl's father who will, I am sure, get out his shotgun. I will also phone the provincial police in Braceridge." The fellow got his pack containing his possessions, and off he went, never to be seen again. The good farmer was exceedingly mad and, sure enough, spoke of shotguns and the efficiency of buckshot on bigamists.

Love being blind, the girl was far from grateful. The invitations had gone out; the cake was baked, and the wedding dress made; it was very sad. The girl would not believe what I told her. I am glad to say that in time she came to appreciate the fate I had saved her from and was married to a nice local boy.

As we have been on the subject of marriage, I remember a few incidents that happened. For some reason it often occurred that people who lived away up the lake would decide to get married in the wintertime. One such expedition I will relate. The request came in so my wife and I started off. First we caught the mail sleigh drawn by horses; then we donned our snowshoes and walked some miles to a big house. We stayed the night. We found we were crossing wolf tracks, lots of them, big prints—Timber Wolves. Next morning we set off again accompanied by our hosts from the house. We walked for hours up the lake. We were tired when we got to the little house where the marriage was to take place. The parlor had been fixed up as a little church and was very pretty, decorated with pine and spruce boughs.

The bride's mother had a Prayer Book and had studied it diligently. The bashful groom explained to me that he had wrenched his knee, and asked if he could stand rather than kneel for the blessing. I said that I understood, and that they could stand. It was quite a task getting Pa to dress up for the wedding, but his wife had ordered a suit for him and a stiff collar and tie. With much groaning, the poor man was dressed and collared. He, however, refused to wear his coat until the last possible minute. I put on my surplice and stole and took my place at one end of the room waiting. There was a flutter at the other end of the room. It appeared that father was bringing up the bride in his shirt sleeves. "Pa, your coat!" The good man flung down his daughter's arm, exclaiming "O, my God!" Now there was a frantic hunt for the coat. It was discovered behind a curtain drape. Once more the procession moved forward, and the wedding began. Ma, with her specs on, following every word in her Prayer Book, came to the place where it says: "They shall kneel down." Neither made a move as, in symptthy with the sore knee, I had excused them. "Kneel down," said Ma in a loud stage whisper, "kneel down!" As the desired position was not assumed, Ma advanced, placed a hand on each head and pressed the young couple to their knees. I saw the poor fellow wince with pain, but down he went.

The wedding over, the merriment began. Neighbors had come from far and wide. A huge table was fixed up quickly and it groaned with food. From the big oven in the kitchen appeared meats and pies. All the guests had brought food, good home-made food. Ma called us to take our seats. Ann and I were given a place of honor, but where was Pa? "I do declare that man is the most aggravating creature, now where can he have gone?" quoth Ma. Several rose from their places and set out to seek and find he who was lost, while

Ma openly bemoaned her fate in having such a spouse. The door opened and in marched Pa. He was attired in clean blue jeans and bore the faint fragrance of the stable. Ma stamped her foot. "Pa," she shrieked, "where is your suit?" The good man asserted his manly independence. "I tell you, Martha, I'll never wear that dad blasted collar again." They were wonderful people, deeply in love with each other, and with a fine family of big boys and girls.

We left the house for our return trip down the lake in the late afternoon, having found it difficult to break away from the festive scene. By the time we had reached the center of the lake the moon was coming up, and it was a crisp winter night. We were making good time on our snowshoes. Then we heard what sounded like a bell-like jingle. It sounded far away, rising to a crescendo then dropping to rise again. Gradually it became louder. "Wolves," said one of the men. "There are quite a few this winter." "By golly, there's more than a few out there," said another of our fellow travelers. Nothing else was said, but I noted an increase in our speed of travel. The wolf calls grew more distinct as they drew nearer. We had two lanterns with us. We had not lighted them because of the bright moonlight; we now lit them. The four of us felt quite small on the big expanse of ice, with the cry of the animals. We hurried until we were hot beneath our heavy sweaters. We could now see Black Point, the place where the big house stood. We would soon be indoors. Then we saw, away out on the ice, dark specs moving along while the frosty air made the mixture of yelps and barks come clearly to our ears. We left the ice and climbed the hill under the pine and spruce trees, and how glad we were to close the door and light the lamps. All agreed that the wolves had never been known to hurt people in Muskoka, but all the same, it is never too late to create a precedent. Next morning we went down the hill to the lake, and there, sure enough, were the tracks clearly to be seen; the big gray animals had actually come to the foot of the hill.

It had been a wonderful trip to the wedding. During the depression there was little ready money and our wedding fees were often paid for in loads of cord wood for our stoves, but the most extraordinary fee consisted of a wagonload of pumpkins. It had been a good pumpkin year, unfortunately for us, and now we had a load. Dear Ann cooked and cooked pumpkins. We had pumpkin pickles, pumpkin preserves, pumpkin pies, and we could not give them away. Dick had fun rolling pumpkins down the church hill. Finally I disposed of them at the end of the garden.

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE ANGELIC CHILD

Before we bid goodbye to baysville, there are just a few more incidents to mention. The first concerns "The case of the angelic child." The child was a little boy with big innocent eyes, and an angelic countenance that melted your heart. His case was a sad one. His mother being dead, he lived with his father and sister. His father was a splendid, hard-working man, as honest as could be. He was strict with the boy, and we in the parsonage would hear wails of anguish from the woodshed. The trouble was that the boy was always taking things. Wherever he went things disappeared, many of them quite useless to a little boy. I lost rakes and garden tools, then a canoe disappeared from a boathouse. One summer evening a trout fisherman was happily fishing on the Baysville dock. He noticed the angelic child sitting nearby. Presently the disciple of Isaac Walton ran out of smokes. The store was quite near so he laid down his rod and equipment for a moment and went off for cigarettes. He was back in a couple of minutes to discover that, though the angelic child was there, his expensive fishing rod, reel and bag were not. He immediately accosted the angel. The boy at first denied knowing anything but, as the argument waxed hot and as his ear was being gripped firmly by the bereaved fisherman, he admitted he had seen a man walk off with the equipment. A few more ear tweaks and the boy said he would help to find the culprit. Nearby was a big summer hotel and on the veranda sat some dignified men. "Well, well," said the fisherman sharply, "do you see him?" "Yes," quote the angel, stopping directly in front of a stout gentlemen who was reading a paper. Dramatically he pointed a grubby finger at the gentleman with the accusation, "'E done it," "I saw 'im take it." "What's that?" inquired the fat man tersely. The fisherman was taken aback. He, however, felt the loss of his rod, "Er, excuse me, sir, but you didn't see anything of a fishing rod and reel down on the dock by any chance." "E done it, I saw 'im," piped the angel. "Confound it, sir!" sputtered the accused, "I've never fished in my life nor do I ever intend to fish." Loudly he demanded justice. The other guests were now enjoying the controversy while a local yokel gleefully went for the village constable. This worthy minion of the law, knowing his angel by bitter experience, gave the third degree forthwith. Soon, amidst tears and wails, a confession was extorted. The procession then left the hotel and went to the dock while the angel pulled out rod, reel and bag from under an old boathouse. Gravely the tall, well-mustached constable led the child home and delivered him to his father. Ann and I shuddered to hear the wails from the woodshed that night. Poor little angel, he would come to the parsonage and help me in the garden. He brought us flowers. There would be months when, being reformed, he walked the path of righteousness.

His fate was sealed one day, however, when he fell from grace and robbed the man of law himself. The village constable prided himself on his garden, and in the midst of the garden stood a fine young apple tree. Apple trees were rare around Baysville. This tree was, indeed, the apple of the constable's eye, and this year it was a gay sight loaded with large red apples. The angel must have made quite a few trips

before he bore off the last apple. When the worthy preserver of law and order returned home he stood as one stricken mortally. He stumped off to Ellis's store where the usual concourse of the "forefathers" of the hamlet were gathered, and proclaimed that he would find the thief or perish in the attempt. He eyed with suspicion the angel whose hand had just been snatched out of the cracker barrel by the indignant store owner. Had it not been for the generous disposition of the angel the deed night never have been traced to him. I was pleased with the two nice rosy apples he gave me, and so was the United Church minister. The wife of the latter divine placed her gifts in a bowl of fruit. The Ladies Aid were meeting in the house that afternoon; and so it fell that the spouse of the constable was a member of the group. She found her eyes riveted on the fruit. "Yes," beamed the minister's wife, "he gave me two of the apples; I declare, he can be such a sweet child when he likes." The constable's good lady almost ran home. Breathlessly she told her husband of the angel's gift. With growls of anger he clapped on his official hat, stumped off to the parson's house, demanded to see the apples. "Ha," he snorted, "just as I thought, it's one of my apples." He raged down to the angel's house and would have smitten the boy there and then if the father had not stood between them. "This," declared the policeman, "is the last straw. I've had enough; the boy will have to go to the reform school." Yes, the constable's apples sealed the angel's doom. Fishing rods, canoes, candies and cracker barrel incursions, forks, rakes and even a wheelbarrow were bad enough, but to steal from the constable's own preserves, that was it. I hurried over in time to save the angel from the whipping of his life, then I returned to the parsonage and wrote to Bowmanville School to reform angels. So it was; an occasional crime wave does pep a village up. And the angel's luck seemed to have forsaken him. After a year he escaped, or rather ran away from the school. He was thumbing a ride. A car stopped and a kindly gentleman picked him up. It was the very man who was looking for him to take him back.

I am glad to relate that our faith in his real character was more than justified; he came through the school in fine style, joined the army, became a fine soldier. The army never even missed a tank or a gun. He married and became a fine law-abiding citizen.

LITTLE JACK, OR SAVED FROM A LIFE OF CRIME

THE CAPTION TAKES ME BACK TO childhood days when Sunday afternoon books were allowed us with such titles as "Little Faith," or "A Slum Child Makes Good," "Eric, or Little by Little." There was a family indirectly connected with the church. The father having gotten into trouble was imprisoned for some years. There was such a large family that the older children had to be put out with people. The mother had to go to work. Little Jack had the sad fate of going to a woman who lived not far from Dorset. His mother, had she known the nature of the woman, would never have consented. Ann heard rumors that all was not well with the boy. I made some inquiries. It was said that Jackie was dressed in old rags and was sent to beg at neighboring lumber camps. Worse still, he had been caught stealing things around the camps. We decided that we would take the child until we could get someone to take him. The mother was so pleased for us to do this. She said she could tell the woman that we were to have Jack. We drove to the house or rather the tumble-down shack. It was filthy. The woman was a big, raw-boned individual. She was dressed in flour sacks which still bore their advertisements. A few dirty little children retreated behind her, and the whole group eyed us with suspicion. Then the door opened and Jackie came in. He certainly looked bedraggled. He wore a man's jacket, the sleeves hanging below his hands. He looked so scared, like a little rabbit. I explained to the woman that we had come to take the boy home with us, and that the mother had given the child into our custody. Standing with arms akimbo and reminding me of one of those women depicted in pictures of the French Revolution, she declared that she would not let Jack go unless we had writing to show we were authorized to take him.

We drove back to Braceridge where we secured from the Children's Aid official a document ordering the child to be delivered to our care. Back we went, and this time the flour-bag lady declaimed on the cruel injustice. She had fed and clothed the boy, treated him as one of her own. But Jack gathered together a bundle of ragged possessions and followed us to the car. The poor fellow spoke not a word, but looked at us with big round eyes wondering what next would befall him.

As soon as we got home Ann set the big wash boiler on the stove and got out our laundry tub. When the rags were off, a thin little boy was revealed. Into the tub he went, and Lifebuoy soap and scrubbing brush was applied with vigor. Then the mop of unruly hair was cut off. Dear Ann did all this with cheerful chatter and much anxious clucking. I fixed up a nice bed and a room. While Jack, wrapped in a sheet, was sat on a chair, every stitch of his dirty clothing was burned in the stove. Through all this the boy spoke not one word. Had we a deaf mute on our hands? I wondered. I sat with him while Ann made a trip to the store returning with a complete outfit of essentials. Jack was now cleansed and clothed. We now gave him a hearty meal, and I set some picture books before him. He ate hurriedly and rather noisily as if he wanted to get as much as possible down while

the good luck lasted. His eyes roved over everything, but still no words. Before we tucked him into his new bed we both knelt and said prayers, not exactly with him, but for him; as he would repeat no prayers after us.

In a day or so Jack found his tongue. We told him to call me "Uncle" and Ann "Auntie," and he became more and more talkative. Mostly he followed Auntie. She could hardly turn around without falling over him. Then I became aware as I worked in the garden that I had a companion. It was the fall of the year, and the first loads of our winter wood were arriving. I had to split a lot of this for the kitchen stove. When split it had to be carried into the woodshed. Without my bidding, Jack carried the wood as soon as I split it, coming so near to my axe that I feared I would hew his head in half. For six-and-a-half hours Jackie was a worker indeed; he not only carried in the wood, but neatly piled it up too.

Ann was now, with her skillful fingers, making a warm topcoat of an old coat, and for buttons she used some old military buttons. Jack was so proud of this coat; he now looked a well-dressed child. We took him to school where he was enrolled. He was grateful and helpful too, but we had a problem coming up. We gave him some pocket money. Off he went to the store to spend it; back he came with candy bars for us. The teacher at the school began to notice the pupils eating candy bars, discovered that Jack was giving them away. She intended to ask us about this but, before she did so, our good friend, the store man, came to tell us in a nice diplomatic manner that the boy from the vicarage was absconding with chocolate bars. Whenever he had gone on errands for us the store had become depleted of such confectionaries. No, he had not actually seen him in the act. That very evening after school Jack offered Ann a chocolate bar; he had bought it with his own money, he declared. That evening, at a solemn inquisition, poor Jack was grilled unmercifully. Not long thereafter, he confessed that he had stolen the things; as his penance he had to go back to the store and tell Mr. Ellis all about it. For restitution, we cut off his pocket money and made him do some light housework for which we paid him. Thus, with his garnisheed pocket money and the result of his labors, Jack repaid his debt of honor. We never had any more trouble after that, and our boy was a delight to us. Our good church people were so nice and kind to him, and the good storekeeper slipped him many a small gift from his store of goodies dear to a small boy's heart.

THE HARVEST FESTIVAL

States, I have missed the old-fashioned harvest festivals which, in our Muskoka missions were something that linked up the daily life and work of the people with the Church. There are some modern clergy who look down their noses at the "Festival of the Ingatherings." They slightingly call it the "Feast of St. Pumpkin." At the Baysville missions the feast was held on or near the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels, when all the trees were turned to scarlet and gold.

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness Close-bosomed friend of the departing sun."

The fact that the produce was given to the priest and his family made it a great time for the parsonage. The gardeners and farmers gave of the choicest of their produce, the biggest vegtable marrow and the hugh Hubbard squashes were often marked with texts cut into their skins when they were young, such verses as "Praise be to God," or "Our Father in Heaven," or just "God is Love," and other words dear to the hearts of God's husbandmen. As the vegetables thus marked grew larger and larger, the texts expanded with them. The biggest potatoes, carrots and parsnips were set aside after a vigorous scrubbing. Huge rutabagas and

lovely cabbages, cauliflowers and corn were brought. How gay the churches looked after being decorated, huge boughs of colored leaves, vases of late summer flowers in every window, bottles of jellies, preserves and pickles, and pounds of luscious homemade butter. On either side of the altar stood shocks of golden grain, while on the altar itself stood the big harvest loaf surmounted with the only purchased fruit, a big bunch of grapes, this being symbolical of the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. The Canadian Hymnbook supplies most of the old-fashioned harvest hymns, and the Prayer Book has a special service for harvest thanksgiving, with a special Collect, Epistle and Gospel.

The churches were packed to the doors, and the service was "hearty," a good old-fashioned country word. It was the custom for the various Anglican clergy to preach the harvest festival service in one another's churches. I shall never forget the appearance of the churches decorated for harvest; nor the pleasant mellow smell of flowers, fresh fruit and vegetables, the big red tomatoes and the mounds of white and brown eggs; and even dressed chickens and ducks sometimes showed up.

I remember one harvest festival when we were honored by having Bishop Rocksborough Smith as our preacher. Mrs. Warder and the Bishop's wife were seated among the people; the lights of the kerosene lamps threw a huge black figure on the church wall; and all of the Bishop's motions were faithfully enacted in shadow play. The pulpit being adorned with some big fruits of the soil, a wrong move on the preacher's part would have propelled a shower of vegetables on the heads of the people under the pulpit. I am sorry to record that the humor of the shadow play and the vegetable peril so tickled the Bishop's wife and my wife that they were both overtaken by mirth and had a hard time controlling themselves.

That night a number of hornets had been attracted by the smell of fruit. As these hostile aircraft zoomed and circled over the congregation, it was funny to see the heads of the congregation following the flight of the hornets as the Bishop kept on preaching. There was a big red-faced farmer right in the front row, old Mr. Grummit. One hornet swooped down upon him. He was a picture of restrained energy, not liking to take a swipe at the insect; then the hornet settled right in the aisle. Gradually the farmer extended a big leg into the aisle, then down came a big heavy boot with a terrific thud, and the hornet was no more. But our troubles were not over. With horror I saw a big hornet climbing up the Bishop's back, nearer and nearer to the exposed episcopal neck. I could not see our special, extra special, preacher stung. I arose, tiptoed behind the Bishop and smote him on the back. He stopped preaching, turned around, and I smiled warmly and pointed to the carpet where the hornet's corpse lay. The Bishop smiled and nodded, then went back to his sermon. This incident, I regret to recall, sent off the Bishop's wife and my wife again with suppressed merriment.

After having had three harvest festivals and returning with our car packed with the spoils, our parsonage cellar was well-stocked for the winter. These harvest gifts to the parson, and the Christmas collection, which also went to the priest, helped to augment the small stipend he received. The Muskoka people are famed for their generosity; actually we were well-cared for in all respects, not only at harvest and Christmas. When they killed a pig or a cow, a choice joint was set aside for the parson, and even when the depression brought them to financial straits, they shared what they had with their priest.

The fair was held in harvest time, and the harvest church supper followed the fair. The vegetables and meat shown at the fair were served at the harvest supper. What tremendous feeds these were. For a mere fifty cents one could eat to repletion, and still the church would make out quite well. I am sure that in rural Canada the harvest festival will never die out. I only hope this custom will grow in the rural parishes in the United States. The rogation-tide blessings of the crops is being revived quite widely, surely the harvest festival should be held as the thanksgiving for bounties received. It is by such means that we can relate the church to the daily life and work of the people.

ON TO HUNTSVILLE

EARLY IN 1932, THE RECTOR OF ALL Saints Church, Huntsville, obtained a year's leave of absence to go to England. He asked me if I would like to act as locum tenens, that is to act as rector for twelve months.

It was a hard decision to make. We dearly loved the people of the Baysville missions; however, on the understanding that I was to return to Baysville at the end of the twelve months, I accepted the position. I must confess that the fact that Huntsville paid the sum of \$1500 a year contributed towards my going there. There are so many things we needed and I hoped to acquire some of them. Ann was, indeed, an able financial administrator; every cent was so carefully planned. One day when she was out, a man called selling an encyclopedia. It was a sixty-dollar outlay. The day was hot and I was working in the garden. Tired and dusty, my sales resistance must have been low, and when Ann came home I was all signed up. We strove mightily about it, my point being that in years to come Ambrose, our boy, would find the encyclopedia a source of knowledge. I felt guilty because my dear wife washed with a dolly (or a thing you thumped up and down in a tub of water). Even with my help, the pumping of all the water, the heating of the tubs of water on the stove and the rest of the procedure would take hours of time. Oh, why did I not invest the sixty dollars in an automatic washing machine; a few months before, we had

gotten electricity in the Baysville parsonage. Well, I think my wife must have read my thoughts. A few weeks later when I got home from a boat trip to Dorset and back, Ann, with an odd smile, said she had a surprise for me. I was, indeed, surprised for in the kitchen stood a brand new Thor washing machine. It was some sixty-five dollars. I was glad but also worried for now we had both an encyclopedia and a washing machine to pay for. What a load! It would mean twelve dollars each month or \$144 a year from our pay. Now with Huntsville and the munificent pay of a rector of fifteen hundred dollars, we could face the future.

And over and above the monetary considerations was that more blessed event of the advent at that time of our little daughter who came to enrich our family, whom we had baptized with the names of Barbara Joan, now a nurse in St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago.

As the Huntsville rectory was fully furnished, we only had to take one truck load of possessions. The precious washing machine was tied on the back of the load. We followed close behind in our car. To our dismay, it seemed as if the washing machine would fall off as the truck bounced over the roads. Our fervent prayers were answered and we arrived safe and sound.

Huntsville is a good-sized country town. It is situated in a lovely area of lakes and rivers. The rolling and hilly countryside is very beautiful indeed. The delightful Huntsville Memorial Park was one of our favorite places. It was not far from the rectory, and had a mountain lookout. From the top of the mountain you could see far and wide. It was not really a mountain but a very high hill. The stone church of All Saints is one of the nicest churches in the Diocese of Algoma. There was a good choir and a big pipe organ. I was glad to find linen Eucharistic vestments in use, and quite sound

and solid churchmanship. I soon discovered that a small element were objecting to what they called High Church practices. The second day I was there, a deputation called on me asking me to discontinue the use of the vestments at the Eucharist. I told them that as *locum tenens* I was not in a position to make such changes. I intended to maintain the status quo. I saw the rector's representative, and in my case, I added, I was all for the vestments, in fact I had never celebrated without them. They were somewhat disgruntled, but I soon found that they did not represent the majority of the people. The church was heated by steam heat, and was in fine condition, well cared for and maintained. The people were a fine lot and most kind and generous to us. We were soon exceedingly happy in Huntsville.

The rectory was a delightful old house, it had plenty of room in it, a nice study and a well chosen set of library books. And, also I may add, a well-stocked wine cellar. Making wine was one of the Rector's pet hobbies. There was claret, port, sherry and other wines including sauterne, and moreover, much of it was in barrels. The Rector was not a drinking man either; he just liked to make wine. The barrels he wished left to age were marked. The rest were mine to use as I saw fit. The church never had to purchase sacramental wine.

One day a tramp called at the rectory. My wife asked if he would like to split some wood for us in the cellar, then we would give him a meal and some money. Soon we heard the thud of the axe splitting the big maple logs. Then he came up for ham and eggs. Thus fortified, down he went again. I had to go out so Ann said she would pay him when he got through and pack him a lunch. The afternoon passed along. The sound of work ceased in the cellar, but Ann was so busy she forgot all about the tramp. On going down to

investigate, there was "weary Willie," prone on the floor with a joyful, blissful expresison on his face, by the side of a wine cask; he was dead to the world.

I organized a big Boy Scout troop as well as a wolf cub pack in connection with All Saint's Church, and I got some ladies to help Mrs. Warder with a Girl Guide company. The large parish hall made a perfect headquarters for the troop, and the delightful countryside provided the finest scouting country.

I had the valuable assistance of one of the finest old missionary priests in the Rev. Laurence Sinclair and his wife. Father Sinclair helped me with the services. He also gave a great deal of help in my visiting the parish. I now had only one church instead of several; as it was January we put the car away until the spring. I was fond of walking and could visit on foot. Mr. Sinclair was quite a poetical person, he had published a book of poems. He had also traveled quite extensively in Europe on a bicycle. What wonderful walks and talks we had together on our parochial visitations. Old as he was, it kept me hopping to keep up with him. Our furthermost jaunt was to visit some families at a place called the Locks.

Huntsville is so beautifully situated between two lakes with a river connecting them. The river flowed between two steep banks just opposite our rectory. We were much worried lest little Ambrose should wander down to it and fall in the swift water. We decided to fence a part of the lawn with high chicken wire and then place the child inside; he would then have to stay put. It was a sound scheme theoretically, but soon practical problems arose. Almost as soon as he was in he wanted out; and when he was out he wanted in. Then his numerous little playmates would stand gazing into the pen like visitors to the zoo, so Ann and I would

have to let them in. Then we would hear the anxious calls of mothers calling their young, and the voices of the friends of Ambrose wanting out, so we gave up in despair; we took down the enclosure.

We then conceived the idea of tethering Ambrose with a rope attached to his overalls. Alas, one warm day when the overalls were actually overalls, for he had on only a little short vest, we were horrified to see Ambrose's overalls at the length of his rope, but with no Ambrose in them. A general alarm being sounded we were some time finding our naked offspring. In the words of Scripture, I smote him on the hinder parts. Gradually he ceased to wander beyond the garden.

We had the misfortune to strike the coldest winter ever remembered in Huntsville for fifty years. It was the year 1933. Morning after morning it was fifty degrees below zero, and day after day "way below" as they say. We had to keep the furnace going full blast, and the open fireplace loaded with big logs. I slept downstairs, as the water froze several times. Everyday we hoped for relief, but it hung below zero day after day. The apple trees were killed and trees that were more than fifty years old died as well as hardy ornamental crabs which were ruined. The church hot water radiators froze and burst, doing great damage. And the spring was delayed with dull, cold days. On Boy Scout hikes our bread in our knapsacks froze into solid blocks, while milk bottles set outside the door pushed their caps four inches high on a column of frozen cream.

In the parish of Huntsville lived one of the most outstanding Christian characters I have ever met with in my twenty-six years of priesthood. I do not generally mention names in this narrative, but I feel I must mention Mrs. Sedgwick. Mrs. Sedgwick was still a comparatively young woman, but for

years she had lain flat on her back, so helpless that she could not raise her hands. It was seldom she was without pain, and yet she was always cheerful and patient. Often I would go to cheer her up, but found that I always received more than I gave. Her room exuded an atmosphere of joy and hope. Her neighbors all loved her and gave their willing ministrations. Her church was her pride and joy, and the church cared for her constantly. I gave her Holy Communion several times each month, and I gave her the whole service at the little altar by her bedside. I read her the Bible regularly and such books as the Imitation of Christ. In Lent I took my lantern picture slides. There was never any gossip in her house; she planned all the meals and ordered the needs of the house, guiding all the housework. I profited by her good councils, and gave her a list of people I wanted praying for. While I was in Huntsville, her eyesight began to fail her. I wrote to an eye specialist in Toronto. The good Dr. Lowrie came all the way from Toronto to help her, but nothing could be done. He did his best and never charged a cent. It was an arthritic condition that crippled and blinded Mrs. Sedgwick.

In the summer her bed was moved onto the veranda, and there she could hear the birds singing and the children playing in the street. She praised God for her hearing, and eagerly smelled the flowers children gathered and brought to her. I shall never forget the patient, lovely and brave character thus exemplified by the good woman whose influence pervaded the whole parish.

Our stay in Huntsville lasted for eighteen months instead of twelve, and I got homesick for Baysville again. Huntsville was the only church I ever had without any outstations. For awhile I enjoyed it, but preaching twice on Sunday to the same congregation got monotonous. I missed the variety

that comes in having several congregations. I wrote to the Bishop pointing out that my contract provided for my return to Baysville after twelve months and that, perhaps, the young priest who was taking my place there might fill in the rest of the time until the Rector of Huntsville came back.

At last the day came and we returned to St. Ambrose, Baysville. The old place looked just the same, but somehow I didn't feel the same. We all felt strange; it is not a good thing for a priest to return to a former charge; the people were just as nice as ever and I buckled down to work again. I never did settle down, and finally I wrote to the Bishop suggesting a change, explaining how I felt. I might have had Huntsville, but in loyalty to the absentee Rector I could not encourage such a move. I might well have done so for the Rector of Huntsville only came back to pack his goods; he had accepted a position in England, and never let me or the people know about it until he was back in Huntsville. In the fall of the same year I returned to Baysville. I accepted the Mission of Bala, but before I relate what happened there I will digress a little and say something about our dogs.

At Huntsville we were asked to care for the Rector's dog, a magnificient Russian wolfhound called Rex. Rex was an aristocrat. His special diet of meat and bones were provided by arrangements with the butcher before his master left. When I went downtown, the big dog paced majestically by my side. I felt positively shabby. Instead of being satisfied with one huge dog I was so taken with some Saint Bernard dogs that I purchased one of the puppies for Ambrose. He was a beautiful dog, a pup full of life, but so floppy and wooly and clumsy. He rapidly grew to a huge size. At six months he was a hundred pounds of wet and floppy affection. We called him Jumbo, a suitable name indeed. Rex,

the dignified and magnificent, regarded Jumbo with a jaundiced eye, somewhat in the manner in which an old and dignified retired colonel at the club regards the antics of a second lieutenant, but Rex's attitude did not dampen Jumbo's spirits; he would bounce and bound all over and under the wolfhound with yapping barks; he would pester the dignified one. I used to take long walks across the frozen lakes with the dogs, and how they enjoyed it. I am sorry to record that Rex had a weakness and that was cats. Foolhardy indeed was the felis domestica who entered into the rectory garden; if he escaped with his life he was fortunate. Rex would lie with an eye open until pussy came within a certain distance, then like a streak of lightning he was in pursuit. Coming of a line whose forbears ran down wolves on the Russian steppes, what chance had a cat? Usually it would make a tree in the nick of time. What made things worse was the fact that instead of concealing the evidence of his crime, he would lay the body of the cat right in the center of the rectory lawn, a corpus delicti indeed. Owing to that weakness, I kept the dog on a chain, but one could not always keep him tied. One day our good neighbors on the hill got a lovely cat. It was the joy of the children's heart. They were church people, and I duly admired the animal. A few days later, as I was writing in my study I heard a commotion. There on the lawn were three weeping children, and there lay the corpse of the cat while guilty Rex lay with his head on his paws trying to appear disinterested. Then "I remember Mama" full of indignation and just wrath, giving me a liberal piece of her mind. From then on I had to keep Rex restrained. I also had to get a new cat for the bereaved children.

Rex, the wolfhound, was a keen judge of people. If a well-dressed seller of encyclopedias approached, unfortunately

he would not be chased off the lot; but let a tramp show up and Rex would ramp and rage with fury. Many tramps would avoid the house even though Rex was chained up. One night we were awakened by such carryings on by Rex that I got up and came down. The next morning we learned that one of our neighbors had been visited by burglars.

Little Ambrose was well escorted when he was accompanied by Rex and Jumbo. Brave, indeed, would a kidnaper have been who approached him. Young Jumbo never knew his weight and strength. He just loved little children with his eager tongue ever ready to smother then with kisses; he would bound against them and down they would fall with mighty bellows of fear and calls for mama while Jumbo treated them to a real face wash and massage. Down would descend the mother. As he did this to the same family that Rex had bereaved of their cat, I began to feel I was not gaining in popularity. However, poor old Jumbo was not long for this world. He contracted distemper and despite all that we could do for him, he died. We were all brokenhearted over it, and for days Rex restlessly paced the rooms and would not be comforted, neither would he eat. We became worried about his health. My study seemed a dull place with no big Jumbo lying close by my feet.

It was a sad day when we bade Rex good-by. The day we left Huntsville we were given a little Spaniel to fill Jumbo's place, but he was such a sad and mournful beast and he depressed us so that we gave him away within a few weeks. We called him Depression. We never laid a finger on him, yet he would cringe and shiver and cower. When we had company in the rectory old ladies would regard us sternly as they saw the poor, cringing humble beast cower at our feet; we felt they would go right to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and report the rector and his wife.

Our next dog we did not acquire, he acquired us. I came home one day to see a big mixture of Airedale and collie asleep in my favorite arm chair. Who he was and where he came from, we never knew. He would not leave us, nor forsake us. We tried to send him home. Off he would go down the road with sad backward glances and, feeling cruel and unkind, I would hasten back to the rectory to be warmly welcomed home by the dog I had just sent packing. Alas, our addition to the family, though a wise and affectionate beast, had his fatal weakness. Our rectory at that time was near the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and poor Wuffles simply must chase trains. But not only trains, he hated the section men's handcar in which they went to work. Wuffles would pursue the men on the car, easily keeping up with the car. I'm afraid the men's language was not restricted to the king's English. I was grieved that our Anglican rectory dog should tempt good railwaymen to "cuss." The language was worse when one man kicked out at Wuffles from the handcar-a rash thing to do for he had his leg bitten neatly and efficiently.

Wuffles was a busy dog with five transcontinental trains to chase every day, an assortment of mixed freights to pursue, and the morning section gang to be challenged and its return duly welcomed. Between trains he slept in my study chair or in the shade of the maple tree. Poor animal, what a hectic life he led, truly a dog's life. The first faint and far away sound of a train whistle and Wuffles would arise like a giant refreshed with wine; off he would scoot to the fray.

Alas, poor Wuffles, he should have realized that the Canadian Pacific Railway was not a corporation to be put out of business by a dog. I feared he would meet his Waterloo. On a bright winter day, poor Wuffles, in full pursuit of the Vancouver Express, was carried by a little snowslide right under

its wheels. I received the sad news that Wuffles was scattered for a mile along the track. I set off with shovel and sack and sorrowfully picked up chunks of Wuffles. He had been scattered far and wide. I buried the sack by a big spruce tree in the forest. And the life of Wuffles was concluded.

Duke, the hero dog, was not owned by us, but by all the people of Schreiber on the North Shore of Lake Superior. Duke never needed to get a dog tag, he had the freedom of the city. In the Railway Y.M.C.A., at Schreiber, this dog's medals and certificates make a goodly display. He was a big nondescript dog. I knew him only in the years of his old age when he was not as nimble as he had been. I am not quite certain of all the rescues this dog performed, but I do know he stopped a train one snowy night. The engineer saw him away up the track in the light of the powerful headlight of the locomotive. He came running likety split right towards the oncoming engine and train, then he jumped off the track and barked at the driver as he leaned out of the cab. The brakes had been applied at the first sight of the dog, and the train drew to a standstill. There, a few yards in front of the engine, lay a man, overcome and exhausted. He would have been instantly killed had it not been for Duke's sagacity.

The next rescue was a child who was drowning, having slipped off some shore rocks at Jack Fish. The cold waters of Lake Superior would have quickly claimed a victim had it not been for Duke who went in and got the boy. There was also the case of a rescue of a man who went through the ice, but I am not as well-informed on that incident. In his old age Duke was honored by all. He was always on the platforms to meet the big transcontinental trains. He was known and petted by all the railwaymen. While he stood by the dining car the choicest morsels were thrown to him

by the cooks. In the big Y.M.C.A. lounge, the engineers, firemen, conductors and trainmen regarded Duke as their own and the number of candy bars that were offered to their pet was tremendous. In the end, full of years and honors and distinctions, he went to the place good dogs go; he simply went to sleep by the big open fireplace and never woke up again.

Quite a few of our dogs died quite young despite the best of care. There was Sport. He cost fifty cents, a floppy white pup with a big red bow around his neck, as pretty as could be. There were a whole bunch of dogs on sale at the church bazaar. I could not resist Sport, saying I would take him and find a good home for him. I found a good home all right, but it was our own-and we already had a nice little dog called Rex. Sport grew into a big happy mongrel mutt, a most devoted guardian. His greatest joy was guarding our fishing tackle boxes when Ann and I were fishing. We would leave the heavy tackle box on a rock and tell Sport to "watch it, feller." This command having been given, Sport would relinquish all the fun of chasing chipmunks to become a guardian of tackle boxes. We could be gone an hour or more, and when we came back there was Sport still on guard. As long as other fishermen did not approach too near the boxes they were suffered to go unchallenged, but let one venture too near and Sport became a raging fury incarnate. We never lost any tackle.

Our present dog, Rex, has been with us for eight years. He is a most dignified personage, occupying a comfortable antique armchair as his own possession. Sometimes a visitor to the rectory will sit in Rex's chair; then, when Rex comes in, he plants himself in front of the offender with such obviously dirty looks that the chair is soon surrendered. Rex has stared bishops, priests and deacons out of his chair; also

many of the laity. I think a rectory, and particularly a country vicarage, is incomplete without a dog lying on the hearth, if there is a hearth; a dog is a living lesson of relaxation.

It is best, however, that the clerical canis familiaris be not too ferocious. I know of two cases of clerical dogs that caused havoc in their parishes. One priest always took a big dog on his rounds which used to follow him into homes and caused much consternation by leaping upon sick beds or harassing particularly fussy maiden ladies. The cleric never seemed to have the sense to know how much he and his dog were detested. In another case, where a semi-retired bachelor priest was filling in for a year or two, a huge and really bad-tempered police dog drove everyone away from the rectory and finally bit the leg of the W.A. president. That dog soon moved away with his clerical master.

It was October, 1933, that we began our work in the Bala mission. Bala is situated on the lovely Muskoka Lake. It also has other lakes adjacent, as well as rivers. There are quite a few bridges in the town. In the summer a huge influx of tourists and cottages raise the population. The Anglican Church was a late comer into the field, at least at Bala which in its beginnings had been largely Presbyterian. Trinity Church has been made possible by a Mr. Edwards, of Toronto, who had give some land on his beautiful estate for the Anglican Church. The church is a beautiful frame construction, lined with polished fir; the outside is covered with stained shingles. The sanctuary is lined with cedar paneling carved with sacred emblems. The altar is also nicely carved. There is also a side chapel containing an altar with a tabernacle. This altar was stained with some varnish concoction. I scraped it down to the natural wood and painted the panels with the emblems of the Passion. I

reserved the Blessed Sacrament in the tabernacle. The draw-backs we found were the absence of a rectory or a parish house to hold church activities in.

A partly-furnished house was rented for us down in the hollow by the powerhouse; it was rather a primitive setup, no bathroom and no furnace. In the winter the pipes were always freezing up and I had to carry water from the river for washing and drinking purposes. There was a large unfinished attic, and this we made into a meeting place for boys and girls. One night I would have some seventeen Boy Scouts up there, and Ann would sit downstairs with the terrific noise of tramping feet and games going on in the attic. The next night I would have to stand the same din and racket while Ann drilled her Girl Guides.

The youngsters would come in and out and down the stairs; it was hard on the nerves, but we put up with it because it was the only place for them to meet. We had no church hall for meetings of any kind. For suppers and other occasional money-making efforts we had to hire the town hall.

Bala was a big mission comprising, besides the Bala congregation, those of Torrence, Southwood, Mortimer's Point and McTier. The places were miles apart and some of the roads left much to be desired. When we got settled into our stride, the system and setup was much like that of Baysville with the exception of having no boat, for which I was devoutly thankful. I had never craved a nautical career, and was glad to retire from it.

I have at times admired the tenacity of faithful lay people of the Anglican Church, I say "the faithful" advisedly because the semi-faithful and those partially interested only last a few Sundays. They go mumbling off to other bodies,

but the faithful take a lot of getting rid of. One such person, an old church warden confided to me: "I've been High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, but I'm hanged if I know what I am now," reminding one of the story of the old handy man round the church. He complained that the first parson called him a sextent, the next one a clerk, and now the new person called him a "virgin." "Oh well," he added, "It just goes on with my job."

But we must not suppose that all the eccentrics are High Church. One Low Church cleric I knew practiced his sermons with such a loud voice that, on a Saturday evening in summer when the windows of the church were open, half the village could hear him declaiming. The same priest on being asked to stay for supper said, "No, thank you, I never eat in the people's homes. I like to know what I'm getting." On going to preach for a fellow priest this man (who, by the way, had two university degrees as well as a theological one) instead of staying at the rectory, slept all night on a bench in the railway station. He showed up looking the worse for wear and started his sermon with such a terrific blast that the organist, an aged maiden lady, fell from the organ bench in a dead faint.

Of course we all know that only a very small percentage of human beings are wholly sane and, for all I know, I myself may be strange too, but the man I have just mentioned was really strange. On the day he preached the organist off the stool, he departed after church for the railway station. The lady of the rectory thought that at least she should walk to the train to see him off. Imagine her suffering when twice on the short walk to the depot the good man unpacked and repacked his suitcase on the sidewalk disclosing pajamas and undies, etc., to the enthralled gaze of the onlookers. Yet again this dear man was faithful in many things,

most devoted to his work. How sad it is that such men do so much more harm than good. The church gets emptier and emptier and eventually the priest takes the hint, folds his tent and steals away.

There is another type of cleric I have encountered. He is the usually young belligerent type who seems to have a chip on his shoulder. I have known of two such men; both of them were always at war with the undertaker. Hardly a funeral was held without a row about some small detail, and they would cheerfully upset the parish over a matter of how many flowers could be brought into the church at the time of burial. I do not like the church filled with flowers at funerals, but there is a way to gradually educate people to such things. I think it is better to adopt a passive attitude to things of minor importance, but there are some who strain at a gnat while swallowing a camel. In nonessentials, charity seems to be the best-working formula. Take the case of the stillborn child. In happened in a small country church that a child was born dead. The child was perfectly formed, had no deformity as far as one could see. The young parents went to the parsonage to see about a service. They met with a stern refusal. The young cleric said: "Why, it's not even a human being." If he had said even the Lord's Prayer at the tiny grave and blessed the parents who were grief-stricken at the loss of their first baby, he would have endeared himself and the church to them. He refused, and the minister of another persuasion ministered to them instead; much hard feeling was created in a place where all the people were intermarried and largely related. But so it is that the tale goes and the church suffers.

It is a hopeful sign that the church is beginning to realize that the life and work of a country parish requires men who are prepared beforehand to adapt themselves to the

viewpoints and mentality of the country people. Many of the priests who are "pitchforked" by the bishops into a rural field find themselves out of their depths among their flock. It is not that rural mentality is less acute or in any way inferior to that of city folk, but it is a different frame of mind: slower, more deliberate, often more logical. Country folk are not in a mad rush; they take their time. They cannot be hurried, will not be driven, but they may be led by a faithful and loving pastor. They do not gush over their new minister. At first they may appear stand-offish and aloof. They want to sum the man up first, but if they see sincerity and devotion they quickly respond and, when they have seen with their eyes and heard with their ears, they take the parsonage family to their hearts and lavish generosity upon them. It takes at least five years of patient toil before the country pastor begins to see concrete results. Our church is weak in so many rural areas because of the short tenure of the priests. The policy in the past has often been to send a young priest to the country for two years or so, until something better turns up in a town or city. Instead of going to the country mission with a sense of vocation, men have gone forth to such work with a sense of performing an act of penance; if one makes good then he will gain promotion. The country folk have thus been placed in the position of spiritual guinea pigs, to be experimented upon by zealous young interne priests from the hothouse of a High Church or Low Church seminary. They have been transplanted from the seminary, without any hardening or "cold frame" process, into what appears to them to be the frigid atmosphere of a scattered rural community, often without any supervision from an experienced priest. They know loneliness and discouragement and make a mental vow to get out of the rural work at the first opportunity.

The noble experiment at Roan Ridge in the United States where young seminarians are initiated into rural life and familiarized with some of the problems that confront the rural priest is a scheme for intensive indoctrination. There is the very real problem of adequate salaries for rural priests. We may feel that this may be subordinating spiritual considerations to a lower cast level, but the fact remains that the laborer is worthy of his hire. If men are to devote a lifetime in the country, their income and pension rights must be assured. It seems hardly fair that pensions should be based on salaries, which are often so much higher in the cities.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE BALA MISSION

The second house that we occupied in Bala was near lovely Lake Muskoka and had a garden running to its shore. But the building was rickety and during heavy snows there would be some snow in the corner of the dining room. I was able to help procure land for the beautiful modern rectory that is situated near the church today.

Again there was the constant travel among the five churches. All Saints in McTier was my furthermost point. Mortimer's Point had a lovely church built by the leadership of the Mortimer family. Old Mr. Alfred Mortimer was another of those grand pioneers of the church who built churches in the forest and lived to see their children's children settled in homes and farms on the land they had claimed from the wilderness. In the summer, many tourists and cottagers frequented St. James' Church. In the winter, we had the services in the Mortimer farm home, and lovely hearty services they were. The long hilly drive in the wintertime was very trying. I often landed in a snowdrift and never got to the place at all. Then after a suitable length of time I would be "given up," and a few hymns would be sung and some prayers said, while I would be digging myself out or walking for help. The spring breakup was even worse. I spent half one Good Friday with the car sunk down to the frame in mud. I never got home that night, but stayed with

a nice old man in a small cabin. Before we both retired to the one small bed I had a Good Friday eve service for the two of us. He was a lonely old widower, and never thought a parson smothered with mud would be his guest. We hailed the mail cart next morning and, with its two horses, pulled my car out of the mud.

All Saint's, McTier, was a nice old church, but rather run-down at first. We built it up, however, and had it painted and repaired. A few very faithful souls kept it going. At first, men were so scarce that twice we had to postpone the annual vestry meeting as a quorum of which two must be men was necessary to the transaction of business. The third time, two determined women left the meeting to find another man. They returned, having found one who was baptized and who subscribed to the church. This forceful recruitment had its results for the man became more interested and got more men involved. The last report I heard some years after I had left was to the effect that McTier church was flourishing and had a choir.

McTier was the scene of the early labors of two outstanding priests of the Church, the Rev. Father Roland Palmer, S.S.J.E., first Superior of the Canadian Cowley Fathers at Braceridge, now well-known as a famous missioner throughout Canada and the United States, and the Rev. Percy Paris who died recently and was for some time Dean of the Cathedral of St. Luke, at Sault Ste. Marie. Among the faithful few in my day was Miss Doris Clinch who with her brother operated their summer resort—the Buck Eye Inn. Miss Clinch used to come to church by boat in the summer but walked over the frozen lake in the winter; she was our faithful organist. Miss Clinch never missed a service; rough seas or howling blizzards would not hold her back. When in the spring the lake would show signs of breaking up we would anxiously await Doris's arrival; would she make it?

One Sunday night she was late, quite late. I waited in my vestry, people began to whisper. I had heard the lake rumbling under the spring sun. Had our brave Doris perished, gone through the ice? I went to the church door. I saw her lantern swinging in her hand. Soon she was in the church. Yes, she had gone through the ice, scrambled out and obtained a change of clothes, gulped a cup of hot tea and proceeded to church to play for evensong. Of such material are the men and women who make the Anglican Church of Canada the great church she is.

My nearest church to Bala was St. Alban's, Torrence, a nice little church, well-kept and maintained. It was only three miles out. I frequently walked out to the village of Torrence and visited the people; it was a lovely walk and the scenery was very pleasant. I was able to introduce the use of altar candles and Eucharistic vestments at Torrance. It was a strong Orangeman center, but Orangemen, though loyal to the memory of the Prince of Orange and strong supporters of the Protestant Succession, are often very loyal and devout churchmen. If any Rome-ward tendencies reveal themselves in their priests then they will rise up as one, but when it is explained that William of Orange and his successors have often presented candlesticks and altar crosses for us in the Anglican Churches, and that such things are for the glory of God and mean something, they became quite willing to receive them. If they see the parson is slipping things into the church without instruction and teaching, then they can and do cause trouble.

The twelfth of July is Orangeman's Day, the day of the famous Battle of the Boyne when King James fled from the field of battle, and William of Orange was offered the throne of England. That this stirring event shall not be forgotten Orangeman's Day was a great day when I was in Muskoka. In Bracebridge the procession was led by "King

Billie" riding on his big white horse; the band played bravely; the Holy Bible was carried on a velvet cushion; the men wore orange on their uniforms, while the women and children sported orange sashes. It was all taken in good part by the Roman Catholics; indeed at one place the only white horse belonged to a Roman Catholic who gladly lent him to carry the representative of the Protestant Succession; the same crowds that lined the streets would be out again when the good Knights of Columbus would stage a procession, for we all loved a parade.

The Torrence church people were loyal and enthusiastic. Just outside Torrence a young man had just built himself a nice summer cottage on a pretty lake. He was a plumber, a carpenter, an electrician—in fact, a perfect, all-round man. I first saw this good-looking fellow sitting in the congregation in Trinity Church, Bala. He wore a black beard and the whiskers made him look much older than he was. His name, I discovered, was Charles F. Large, or, as all the young people called him, "Chuck" Large. In addition to his many practical accomplishments, Mr. Large proved to be an excellent musician, and a powerful swimmer and all-round athlete. He came to church regularly; moreover he was instrumental in bringing young people to church with him. In time I got Chuck into the choir, then to helping me with the Boy Scouts; then I trained him as lay reader. We then discovered that another fine young man who came to the Bala church was seriously thinking of Holy Orders. He worked in the summers in a big grocery store in Bala. His name was Bob Brown. We got him doing things also as a lay reader, and the three of us became known as the "Three Musketeers." How fortunate I was to have two such fine young men. We went around together putting on grand evensongs in the little churches, and, when I was laid up with sickness, they actually kept things going. We shall hear more of them presently for they helped me organize a fine Anglican Young Peoples Association which built up the Bala congregation.

I finally persuaded Charles Large to consider being ordained and arranged for him to meet Bishop Rocksborough Smith. I lent him the book by Bishop Walpole of Edinburgh entitled *The Greatest Service in the World;* the book had a great influence on him. Through the Bishop and Father Roland Palmer, S.S.J.E., Chuck went to the Cowleys for several years and earned his keep and tuition by helping to build the beautiful Braceridge mission house of the transfiguration. After finishing off at Trinity College, Toronto, he was ordained deacon and priest by Bishop Rocksborough Smith.

Charles Large could have made an excellent living as a plumber, in fact he would have his own business, but he chose a much richer life of sacrifice and service. In the several charges he has had, he has rebuilt rectories from basement to attic, wired and "plumbed" them, and he has built up excellent congregations. Today he is Rector of St. John's Church in the City of North Bay, an important parish in the Diocese of Algoma.

Dear Bob Brown attained his dearest wish of becoming a priest. Young, brilliant and full of promise, his ministry on earth was short indeed, for he met a martyr's death. On "D" Day he landed as an Army chaplain, refused to leave his men when they were cut off, and continued attending to the wounded and dying. He was taken prisoner, sent to a Nazi prison, placed against a wall with the men, and shot by order of General Kurtmeyer. We were all saddened by his death, but inspired by his joyful sacrifice as of a true priest who made himself a living oblation. Bob came from

the lovely old church in Orillia whose high spire can be seen for miles around. There he had grown up, been baptized and confirmed, and his father and mother were in the choir. I was told that the Sunday after they had received the word of Bob's martyrdom, his parents were in their accustomed places.

We three musketeers were a lively and happy trio. My car was an old Durant with a rumble seat, and on summer Sundays we would bounce along over the rough and rocky roads singing Onward Christian Soldiers or The Church is One Foundation at the top of our voices, amazing the ground hogs and squirrels. We considered ourselves a Franciscan family. The country folk were much impressed by, as one old lady put it, "them lovely young men that come with Father Warder."

They read the lessons, said some of the prayers, filled in at the harmonium and led the singing. Sometimes they had a little trouble with Bible names. One night we listened to the wickedness of "Beeslebub," the God of Ekron: "If I by Beeslebub cast out devils, by whom do your sons cast them out." I have never met finer young men than Bob and Chuck; they would do and dare anything for the church.

Before we bid farewell to the Bala mission and move further north I must say something about a phenomenal little church situated some fifteen miles from Bala and rejoicing in the title of the Church of Our Lady of Southwood. The title "Our Lady" may seem to some of our readers quite unusual for an Anglican Church; it is, however, taken from the Anglican Prayer Book where the Feast of the Annunciation of Our Lady is spoken of.

I shall have much to say of this little Church for it will ever hold a deep affection in my heart. When I went there the first church was still standing, the only church as far as I know that cost something like eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents; this being the cost of two window frames, glass, tar paper for the roof and sundries that could not be obtained from the forest. It was a complete church with bell tower, bell, organ and font, sanctuary lamp, altar and tabernacle. Like many of the northern Ontario churches in Canada, Southwood church sprang from the determination of a handful of people from England who found themselves in a strange land, far from civilization and the church of their fathers; and who decided to do something about it.

Two families were responsible for the church's beginnings. There were others too who helped in the good cause, but the Ernest Chapman and the Percy Tonge families started things going. Mr. Percy Tonge used to walk all the way in from Southwood to Bala at regular intervals for Holy Communion, and there he contacted one of my predecessors, Father James Hutton, and begged him to make a visit. Father Hutton was a most zealous priest, and lost no time. He held services in the Chapman and Tonge homes. Neighbors and their children came. Then Arthur Chapman, one of the Chapman boys, accepted lay reader training, and held services in the little log schoolhouse. Once some rowdy boys flung in a dead cat through the window, but this did not prevent the service from continuing. Then a little later a gift of land for a church and cemetery was given by Mr. Fred Chapman. Then the first church of Our Lady was built, all by voluntary labor. Dear old Mr. Chapman gave all he had of time and substance. It was agreed that the church was to be "very High Church" because that kind of church was dear to Mr. Chapman who had spent his formative years in an Anglo-Catholic parish in London, England. And so indeed I was astonished to see this daughter church of a famous London church here on the rocks of Southwood.

I shall never forget our first drive to Southwood. Ann drove the car, our faithful old Durant. We had been told the roads were bad, and for six miles or so the road was bad enough, just worn ruts through grass, but at least it was a road. Then to our horror there was no road, just rolling rocks like the bald top of a mountain. The rocks were fairly flat, a ridge of rock. Well, poor old Christopher, the car, groaned and squeaked, swayed and rattled, but kept on going. This went on for some miles; then we hit a narrow gravel road, kept on and eventually arrived at the church. The Chapman home being opposite the church, we were royally received by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Chapman. I could see that old Mr. Chapman was itching to take us into the church, and soon we wended our way there and entered the Church of Our Lady of Southwood.

It was humble enough in its outside appearance, walls of poplar logs chinked with moss from the swamp, a little bell turret of unstained boards, a real bell donated by the Canadian National Railway at Mr. Chapman's request. There were two small windows. The bareness of the rough logs was relieved by a number of wild vines that had been planted by loving hands. The walls outside were only some five feet high and we had to step down into the church as it had been excavated several feet down. Inside this humble house of God all was beautiful and clean and well kept, and all had been hand- or home-made with loving care. The altar was adorned with a host of candles, flowers and spotless linen, its front covered with a rich frontal. The sanctuary lamp made out of a converted kerosene lamp with hanging chains bore a ruby red, perpetual light. The Sanctus Bell was part of a car engine which had a rich deep sound. On the sanctuary walls were small statues of the saints, and a little plaster Madonna with a smiling baby Jesus in her arms stood on a bracket over the altar crucifix. All the shrines had candles and flowers before them. The whole building breathed an air of supernatural reverence and the words of the Bible came to my lips, "Surely the Lord is in this place."

The communion rails were made of white birch logs with the bark left on. The font was another birch log, a big one set on end with the top hollowed out to hold a bowl. The floor was just tramped dry earth. The seats were planks spiked to logs; they had no backs. It was no church for comfortable Christians. But as many as sixty people had come from far and wide to bask in the warm friendliness of the Church of Our Lady; and the grand old churchman said: "Well, Father, how do you like our Church?" I said quite simply, "It's lovely," and knelt to pray.

After we had seen the church and had supper with the Chapman's, he showed us what he called "our church treasures." There were beautiful Eucharistic vestments in all the liturgical colors, a rich censer and incense boat given in memory of Father Hutton's relations. A silver monstrance, used at the service of benediction and, of all things most strange to find among the rocks of Southwood, some fine lace that was from the wedding dress of no less a personage than Queen Victoria of blessed memory. It was only used on extra special occasions. Most of the treasures had been sent out from well-wishers in England who had heard of the little log church.

Well, I was to have evensong that night, my first service in the church. The old man said, "Will you use incense to-night?" "Oh, yes," I replied, "certainly; but there will not be benediction because I have not yet reserved the Blessed Sacrament." The service would be at eight P.M. At 7:30 P.M. the old gentleman dressed for church—shades of dear old

London! Besides he was a churchwarden, bless him; then he went over to light the kerosene lamps, and Arthur donned cotta and cassock and went over to light the altar candles and the shrine candles. The railway bell was ringing merrily when I entered the church. It was a blaze of light; the altar was a sight to see and each little shrine of saint or martyr added its cheeriness. The faithful organist was at her place practicing the hymns, and the congregation began to arrive. The snorting and panting of somewhat ancient automobiles announced the arrival of some, but most walked, carrying lanterns in their hands. They had come through forests and over rocks to get to church. Men, women and children, the fruit of some years of patient work, sat on the hard boards waiting for evensong to start.

I found Arthur Chapman, who is now a priest on the western prairies, a first fruit of the Church of Our Lady, a perfect acolyte. I censed the altar and the congregation during the first hymn; then, when we sang the *Magnificat*, the song of Our Lady, I used incense again. Soon the church was full of the pleasant, friendly smell of kerosene lamps and incense, the hearty singing of old-time favorite hymns and the old chants. As I delivered a simple address, I could not help thinking of the stately church in old London, with the seven red lamps glowing before its rich altar, from which had been derived much of the inspiration that had produced this little church among the barren rocks and spruce forests.

After evensong many of the worshipers gathered in the Chapman home for tea, cake and conversation. It was depression time and things were tough; yet they resolved to try to help towards my car expenses to enable me to come as often as possible. Ann and I retired to bed. In the morning, I said mass, and a few came a long way again for Holy Communion.

Although the church had only been built a few years

there were evident signs of decay. The logs had not been peeled and were rotting under the bark. In the winter the cold came up through the cold earth, and the water on the credence table would actually form ice crystals during the service. No one had any money so how could we rebuild the church? Yet, such was the power of faith that at a meeting of the congregation a solemn act of faith was made when it was voted to rebuild the Church of Our Lady. We decided to start to work making things and writing letters. First I wrote an article in the Canadian Churchman, the Canadian Church paper. I told the whole story of the Southwood church, and asked for donations large and small. Well, the results were more than encouraging. I began to receive all kinds of sums of money from two dollars to twenty dollars. One firm presented a fine big new wood stove. I wrote to the Government and asked for permisison to cut some big pine trees from crown land and received gracious permission to cut free of charge as much as we needed. This was good news, indeed, and a scouting party of us set out to find trees. We found a stand of magnificent pines, just the kind of trees for a house of God. While the snow remained, we skidded and loaded the logs we required and drew them to the church site.

We set to work to peel them as soon as the sun gained some warmth. Men, women and children worked on the job, consuming tea and cake at regular intervals. Even our man of mystery, the mysterious Russian, who lived by himself in a little shack and who never spoke to anyone more than he had to, suddenly appeared with axe on shoulder and set himself to the peeling—his beard flying in the March wind. He used to come to church sometimes, and we were all sorry when the police took him away. We heard he had done away with a wife, though this was only an allegation.

We piled our white-peeled logs to dry and season until

the happy day when the second, and more enduring, Church of Our Lady would rise on the site of the dear old church. Money was flowing in from many friends, but we would need at least six or seven hundred dollars; and, to us, it wasin those depression times-like raising half-a-million. I conceived the idea of holding an annual pilgrimage from nearby towns and villages and tourist resorts to the little log church. I flew high in my ambitions and asked the bishop of the diocese to give us his blessings and, also, to conduct the pilgrimage in the octave of the Assumption of Our Lady. To our delight, the bishop accepted the invitation. We wrote to different business houses for donations of goods. The response was generous, and all the people had a mind to work. One good lady made her small pocket money from the sale of the eggs from half-a-dozen hens. She set aside a percentage of church eggs, tramping miles to sell them. Then the value of the church eggs was deducted and set aside. In various ways things were made and prepared, including hooked rugs and homemade quilts. The problem was, how would the pilgrims find their way to the church? I began to put up signs nailed on trees all over the place, and I painted on the rocks big white arrows with the legend: "This way to the pilgrimage." Chuck Large and Bob Brown were working hard on the affair.

August 20th dawned clear and fair, an ideal day for the pilgrimage. Would outsiders come? I felt qualms of conscience. When I had drawn up the various invitations and bulletins and posted them to people, I had not mentioned the rocks they must traverse or the perils they must encounter. We were to have mass at 10:30 A.M. Then there would be refreshments, then sports in the big hay field, and then at four P.M. evensong and devotions to the Blessed Sacrament.

Churchwardens Chapman and Tonge and I stood waiting, nd then the Bishop's car, full to the brim, drove in sight. Then, to our joy, came a car full of Cowley Fathers from Bracebridge, then a covey of Sisters of St. John the Divine rom Port Sidney. Now we had a bishop, priests, monks and uns; but would the laity make good, We did not want nerely a clerical convention. We need not have worried. Car fter car arrived and the burden of the pilgrims' comments n the road was interesting to hear. One car had turned ack. It was obvious that the Church of Our Lady was not oing to hold all the pilgrims. It was already so pilgrimacked that I fancied the log walls were bulging. The reguar parishioners could not get in, but they were overjoyed. Among the pilgrim throng in the church were some milions of mosquitoes, the season having been wet and cold. inding such a feast of imported blood among the visitors, he mosquitoes sharpened their bills and set to work with ight good will. But the incense saved the day. The Bishop emarked that he had never found incense smoke more benecial. As celebrant at the mass I heaped the incense spoon ull to capacity and liberally censed altar and people.

It was a wonderful service; such singing! Those who could not get in knelt on the grass outside. The church was decoated and beautiful and the sermon preached by the Bishop most inspiring. After the service, lunch was eaten by various troups of pilgrims seated on the grass in the shade of the rees. The stalls sold out their goods, the games caused enders fun. The Bishop wore his purple cassock to baffle the mosquitoes and black flies, moose and deer flies. He moved round from group to group adding a touch of apostolic order to the affair. The shadows of the big trees lengthened cross the hay field when the bell rang for evensong, and gain the people went in and around the church, and a beau-

tiful devotional service concluded a most happy day an inspiring pilgrimage. Everyone was pleased with the succe of our venture, and we could see the goal of a new churc coming into sight. Bishop Rocksborough Smith said it wownderful.

It is a joy indeed when a priest has a small but united an devoted congregation. For some years Thursdays were Sur days in Southwood, and we did not confine our activities church services, for there were socials, dances, Christman concerts. We drove in the car as long as possible until th snows came. One year we left it too late when staying ove night in the settlement; we were trapped in a late October blizzard. We woke up to falling snow. It will only be a sho affair, we thought, just a flurry; but the skies remained heavy and we decided we must set out. It was setting in be a real storm when we started off. The Chapman car wer ahead with four men armed with shovels while we followed in Christopher. We soon discovered when we got out of th trees that the snow was drifting, and we should have guess the way over the rocks. It took seven hours to do som eleven miles, sounding the way, digging the drifts. Fort nately our helpers only lost the road once. All the time th snow was falling and the wind howling. We had no chair for our tires as I never expected snow so early.

When they had gotten us within sight of the highway the good fellows bade us good-by and turned back for it would be dark before too long, and they wished to follow outracks before they were all covered up. To get to Southwood in the winter we walked from Bala three miles to the Candian National Railway line, then flagged down a train which put us off at Southwood. It would hardly stop a second, and once Ann slipped and practically disappeared in a sno drift. She lay there while the wheels of the train passed a feinches from her.

Southwood is to be remembered for the amount of walking. We walked to Tonge's. We walked to Eckfords; we walked to other homes far away. It would seem that the possibility of atomic warfare must have been in the minds of those who planned the layout of Southwood.

In the long wintertime there was a lack of reading material, so we decided to establish a church lending library. I wrote to Toronto libraries and asked for some discards that could be repaired. We received boxes of books. We secured a traveling library arrangement whereby current books became available. We set the books up on shelves at the back of the church as we had no other building. The results were very gratifying. The children, especially, patronized the library.

Young Arthur Chapman, on my recommendation, became a licensed lay reader. He had done splendid work long before I came on the scene; now he was seriously thinking of reading for holy orders. Eventually he went to college, but did a lot of study at home as well. He is today a priest in western Canada.

The depression hit the good folk of Southwood. In some cases food was actually short. Some lived largely on pork and potatoes. Spring came and there seemed no prospect of work. One day Ann and I decided to contact the local member of parliament and see if some road work or something could be done to give employment. In answer to our long letter a most sympathetic reply was received and, to the joy of everyone, work was provided for our men. Lumbering had first attracted the Southwood settlers. They had, in good times, built their homes and cleared land. The men got steady winter work in the lumber camps and farmed in the summer. Then the forests gave out; the magnificent pines had gone. The farming was on a small scale and the soil poor. The people had their homes and they were loath to

leave what they had acquired by the sweat of their brows. Then came the depression and prices had fallen to nothing. Any rumor of a job caused a stampede. I remember an amusing incident when a small bush fire had spread through an area of second growth poor timber near the rocks. The fire had been extinguished except in a swamp where it still smoldered. The forestry department employed an old man to see that it didn't spread. They apparently forgot about him. Anyway he watched it for three weeks at so much per day, then put in his bill. They paid him, but he confided to me, "By gum, I had such a time keeping it going; it nearly went out on me twice, but I got her going again."

In the midst of these severe times, faith, work and prayer built the grand new log church. The foundation log was laid with ornate ritual. The beautiful big pine walls rose; the corners were dovetailed by a skilled old workman; a fine red fir floor was laid; the proper chimney was built to accommodate the brand new stove we had been given; the new bell tower and cross rose high; there were lots of windows. The new Church of Our Lady was finished and, because there was no debt on it, it was solemnly consecrated by the Lord Bishop of Algoma, Archdeacon J. B. Lindsell, and the Rural Dean, Father Roland Palmer, S.S.J.E. It was on a Sunday, and was preceded by a battle between two good dames; one woman had risen early, done a big wash and hung it out in sight of the new church. The other woman, a faithful communicant, marched right over and demanded to know what was the idea of hanging out washing on Sunday with "the Bishop coming and all." "Take it down until after Church," she said. The owner of the wash said she'd "be blowed" if she'd take it down, not even if the King was coming himself. Words flew hot and fast. The faithful communicant was fired with righteous indignation. When she

was aware that the wash was to remain up, she dashed to the clothesline and by sheer force broke the lines, the washing falling in the dust. Then she stalked off triumphantly while the shrill voice of the wash owner, in language not to be found in the dictionary, filled the air with maledictions. The sound of the conflict had scarcely died down when the retinue of the Bishop hove in sight.

I shall never forget the consecration of the new church, dear old Mr. Chapman all dressed up and Mr. Tonge, also in his churchwarden raiment, the men, women and children. I had taken care to see that this time our own people would be seated in their new church, reserving the seats for them. The Bishop knocked on the door. It was opened by Mr. Chapman after the responses were made. Then the Bishop entered first followed by the clergy and congregation. An imposing procession it was-Chuck Large and Bob Brown and all the rest. At the organ sat our intrepid organist, Mrs. Arnold Eckford. Of all brave souls, she was one. She walked miles to church along lonely trails. One night a big deer dashed across the trail before her followed by a pack of timber wolves, and one summer night when the blueberries were ripe a big black bear reared up his big head and stared at our organist but, at the command to "get along," he ambled off the path, grunting his protest. Yes, they were all at the opening of their new church, men, women and children. There were clouds of incense and multitudes of candles. It was a Queen Victoria's lace occasion, and the lace adorned the new alter. Yet with all the fine space and bodily comfort (for some pews had been given us to replace the old backless planks) many of us remembered with affection the old church.

The fall following the opening of the new church the call to higher services came to old Mr. Ernest Chapman. He was taken ill while he was working on the church porch, which was being added. As soon as I heard, I set off and drove Christopher as fast as I had ever gone over the rocks. I was gravely concerned over his appearance. I had all the lovely prayers for the sick, stayed the night and, next day, gave him the anounting and communion. He followed every word; his gnarled, work-worn hands lying strangely still on the coverlet. I had to return to Bala, but came back next day. I could see a big change; the light of another world and a brighter one was dawning. His last words to me concerned the little church he so much loved, "Be sure to see the logs are stained again before the winter comes." He added, "You are a good sport." An old English expression and a tribute I have forever cherished. After this, his mind was back in London when he pushed a costermonger's barrow in Convent Gardens, and, on Sundays, attended mass in the great church, singing in the choir. The call came and he gently sank to rest.

We had a grand funeral—incense, holy water, requiem mass—and people came from far and wide. The beautiful old hymns were sung with gusto.

"Jerusalem the Golden
With milk and honey blest
How sweet in contemplation sinks
Heart and Voice to Rest . . .
What joys await me there
Such bliss beyond compare."

Kind, strong arms had dug his grave near the sanctuary walls, and his sons made him a grand big cross. Poor in worldly possessions, but rich in faith and hope, his was a Christian passing.

The Church of Our Lady gained a mighty intercessor beyond the veil, where, I am sure, he still prays for and loves the little church on the rocks.

ON TO SCHREIBER

AFTER LEAVING BALA, WE DEPARTED from the Diocese of Algoma and I went to the Diocese of Quebec. Although we met some lovely people and the Bishop was most kind, I was not happy, and after only five months I asked Bishop Rocksborough Smith to take me back. Most graciously and forgivingly he said he would, but could only offer me Schreiber which was a long way off and had a reputation of being very cold with long winters. I was so anxious to get back to Algoma that I accepted it.

Schreiber is a railway town situated on the north shore of Lake Superior. The scenery is wild and rugged but magnificent. The town lies in a little valley and there is a very nice red brick Anglican Church and a well-built rectory. It was sixty miles from Nipigon and one hundred and twenty miles from Port Arthur. We moved in October, 1938, taking all our possessions in a freight car. I went ahead as a pioneer to get things a bit straight, and to send Ann the measurements of the windows so she could make the curtains at her people's home in Sault Ste. Marie. I was a bit worried because I heard there had been "High Church trouble," whatever that was. I discovered it was not really High Church, but some peculiar eccentricities—one priest used to celebrate in his pajamas at the early service, then dash back to bed again. Before the eleven o'clock service, of course, he wore his cassock, but when he knelt down his pajamas would show. Then another man, it was said, "went on all fours" at the consecration. Actually these things had bothered only a few, and my predecessors had been excellent priests.

When I entered the rectory for the first time, one of the men was tacking down some linoleum. He was having a hard time so he kept on kneeling. He said, "You the new parson?" "Yes," I admitted. "Well, I hope you aren't one of them High Church fellows; we've had enough of them." I held my peace. In fact, this man, I discovered, was one of the most sincere and regular members of the church.

I soon discovered that I was most fortunate in coming to Schreiber. I was surrounded with a group of people who were as fine as any I have ever met. If at first some of them wondered what they were getting, they were easily satisfied for they took to me right away, and when Ann and the children came they were welcomed with open arms. Mr. George Plummer, the priest's warden, took me into his home for a whole two weeks and his wife was so pleasant to us all. I put out a leaflet entitled: "What am I?"

High and Crazy Low and Lazy Broad and Hazy.

I admitted that, though I did not like the term High Church, I supposed my inclinations lay in that direction, but I was not a "spike" or a constitutional crank, and if anybody wanted to be "Low Church" providing they were good church people, all power to them. I found a good standard of churchmanship—candles, vestments, wafer bread and a nice sung Eucharist. What more could I desire? There was a wonderful choir, good organist and a fine Welsh choirmaster, Mr. Jim Bryson, who had a tenor voice like John McCormick.

St. John's Church was a fine building; it was built under the leadership of Father Stephenson and his good wife, who gave all they could including much of their own possessions. The Governor General, Lord Stratcona, had contributed towards the church; the undercroft was called the Stratcona Room.

I discovered the church was in debt; a mortgage of nearly two thousand dollars was against it. The depression had affected the Canadian Pacific Railroad. They were paying nearly seven percent interest. Over the years they had paid enough interest to wipe out the principal. The congregation needed building up and the financial problem had to be dealt with. Also the church furnace was on its last legs.

There was a good Sunday school under Mrs. Tom Arnott, a devoted churchwoman, and there was a good W.A. I found some splendid men, George Fairs, George Bailey, Dick Spicer, Sid Frost and Jim Bryson. These men were workers. They rallied round and did things. To them the church came first. They were lovable characters, and their wives just as hard workers.

One of the first things we did was to organize a wolf cub pack and boy scout troop in connection with St. John's Church. Later on a girl guide troop was added. Outside the Sunday school there was nothing for the children. Ann also organized a church girl's league which was very successful.

Schreiber was rather an isolated community. When I went there in 1938 the road to Nipigon and Port Arthur had only recently been opened, and even then for several winters we were cut off, for the roads were not ploughed. This meant that our town had to provide its own entertainments during a large part of the year.

We were by no means dull, in fact life was a whirl of activities. We had a full-sized skating rink, there was a bowl-

ing alley and numerous clubs. After war broke out, Ann started a Victory Club, and bales and bales of sewing went forth to the needy and war-torn countries. It was a wonderful organization, and as many as twenty women at a time were working in the rectory on Monday nights.

SCHREIBER WINTERS

Before we went to schreiber we had been told of the severe winters we might expect. Our first winter we had a full demonstration of snow and storm. I have been told that they have never had a winter like it since. Situated on the north shore of Lake Superior, although actually some three miles from the lake, we got the full fury of the blast.

On the eve of New Year's Day 1939, our first big blizzard began. We had already had considerable snow; in fact, the day that Ann arrived in Schreiber from Sault Ste. Marie in mid October, there was snow on the ground.

We were invited to see the New Year in at Mr. and Mrs. Sid Frost's home. We went for supper at six P.M., then had to wait until midnight. All day the sky had been threatening and a little snow fell; about four o'clock it began to come down heavily. Then the wind started to rise and soon the storm gathered into blizzard proportions. It was only a short distance to the Frost home, but when we stepped out of our house we debated whether we should go or not. Dick was eight but Joan was only five years old. We hated to leave our snug warm rectory, but the Frosts would be expecting us, so off we set in single file. I went first, then Ann, then Dick and finally Joan; Joan, the youngest, got the benefit of following in our footsteps. As soon as we left the shelter of the house and church the howling wind snatched our breath away. We

had to walk backwards, rest awhile and go on again. The snow was now so thick that we could barely see the houses. When we completed our short journey, we were just white snowmen. It was good to enter the Frost's bright and warm home. We had a wonderful supper, then had games and waited for the New Year to be brought in by the blowing of the roundhouse siren.

Often during the evening we heard the sound of the snow plows clearing the tracks, often fighting a losing battle against the driving snow. During blizzards, trains would be as much as two or even three days late. As there were several others at the Frosts who were going home our way, our return was made less difficult. By now the snow was knee deep in places and still the blinding driving snow was coming down. We reached home exhausted from having to carry Joan from time to time.

The Schreiber rectory is built on a fine cement foundation, but it actually quivered and quaked as the blizzard whirled past and around. The roaring, booming and whistling howl of the wind is something one cannot forget. When we awoke next morning the storm was just the same. Though our windows were quite high from the ground on the north side of the house, the snow was climbing up to cover the windows. It was a lonesome day that first New Year's Day in Schreiber. No one went out and no one came in. I had planned a service in the church, but could not get there to put on the fire. We had a celebration of Holy Communion in our sitting room.

Out of the windows the children watched the snow driving in parallel lines; mounds and small mountains of snow were piled everywhere. They formed all kinds of strange and weird shapes. The tops of posts and stumps of trees had big, round, white Christmas cakes of snow, beautifully shaped

and moulded. Boughs of trees drooped to the ground under the weight. We busied ourselves with various occupations. The children had their new Christmas toys, Ann had her sewing, and I enjoyed my books and Christmas presents. From the windows not a human being was to be seen.

The radio was a great comfort. The programs were good, but the weather reports bad. The Canadian Pacific Railway was practically out of the running despite the great rotary snow plows. And so eventually to bed. Our bedroom windows were now practically covered as a mountain of snow was still growing against the walls of our house. The third day the blizzard and the storm began to get on our nerves. We were practically marooned even from our good neighbors, the Brysons, just across the road. Yet there were men out in the storm, the railwaymen, the trackmen and maintainancemen, the snowplow crews, and the digging gangs. All day and all night they dug and toiled with the snow. Man's perseverance pitted against the fury of the elements. Just east of Schreiber is the big rock cut. Huge Number Seven, one of the crack transcontinental trains, over forty-eight hours late with two huge locomotives, drew out of the station only to get stuck in the cutting when thousands of tons of snow came roaring down; the two engines were practically buried. Every available man had set off with snow shovels to rescue the train; each coach had to be disconnected and pulled back into Schreiber by the yard engine. Finally, after all the coaches were drawn back and the chilled passengers unloaded, the two big engines had to be dug out and brought back to the roundhouse to be thawed out. Two huge plows finally cleared the rock out and, hours later, Number Seven went through. What real men and brave fellows the railwaymen are; in every kind of wind and weather they are on the job caring for the safety and comfort of the passengers.

As the storm continued, efforts to keep the paths to the tracks open were abandoned and now actual tunnels through the snow were dug, men traveling like moles under the snow, tunnels and arches of snow all over the place.

On the third day at three P.M. the snow stopped falling, the wind died down and, like Noah coming out of the ark, I ventured forth. I had to shove a door open by sheer force, push out a pair of snowshoes, and then squeeze myself out; using one snowshoe as a shovel, I cleared away from the door so it would open for others to emerge. As we needed some groceries I strode along on my snowshoes, climbing over drifts and down valleys of snow. Along the streets people were emerging, and soon snow was being dug in all directions as the town came to life.

After the blizzard it turned very cold, remaining below zero all day and dropping way down at night. But cold as it might be, it made little difference to the church activities. With the various church organizations and regular visiting (as we had no car in Schreiber, I had to walk everywhere) the days sped along. The Sunday services were eight A.M. and seven P.M., and the attendances were fairly good. The choir would turn out morning and evening, and sang not only the hymns but the chants and canticles, also the psalms. They were a musical people and, mostly being from England, maintained the good musical training of their youth.

The church boy scout troop grew and grew, and I had the best scouting of all my places. It was a strenuous program; for a while I ran all three branches. The organization of the Cubs and Scouts filled the girls with envy. As they beheld their brothers blossoming into uniforms and going off to the meetings and hikes, the sisters began to gather into groups of their own and, having pumped the secrets of scouting from the boys, held meetings and had clubs in their

homes. I made a law, like unto that of the Medes and Persians which altered not, that we would acquire our uniforms piece by piece until they were complete uniforms. This prevented boys whose parents were better off from appearing in full uniform while others possessed little or none. Ann made and donated all the neckerchiefs for the Wolf Cub Pack. First the Scouts got their neckerchiefs, then their hats, then their shirts and so on; gadgets and unnecessary paraphernalia were obtained last. But suddenly we had an incentive by the great news that His Majesty, King George the Sixth, and Queen Elizabeth were coming to visit the town, and that the Scouts and Cubs would parade for their inspection. We got the news three months before the twenty-minute event. The King being a scout himself and patron of all the Scouts within the British Empire, we resolved to acquire full uniforms or die in the attempt. The first thing were the scout staves, a five-foot-six pole marked with feet and inches with a hole bored in the top to see through; the most useful article in the Scouts equipment for vaulting ditches, making tents, pushing back mobs, subduing mad dogs, setting broken hips, making stretchers and judging heights and distances, as well as the fascinating work of building bridges.

I offered small prizes for the best poles cut in the bush. They were to be ash and birch, straight, of the correct diameter, peeled, polished, marked in feet and inches, and could be decorated with the patrol emblems. In a couple of weeks we were equipped with staves. As I believe that what the boys work for they appreciate, we ran a kind of employment bureau. Here I called upon our good friend, Mr. George Bailey, the school caretaker, a real friend to all the boys, whose bark was known to be worse than his bite. Jobs were found for boys and earnings credited towards uniforms, and two weeks before the Royal visit every Wolf Cub and

Scout were fully equipped. We were indeed a brave spectacle to behold.

For weeks before the coming of the King and Queen preparations were going on. I could hear the school children practicing their songs. Ann and I were numbered among those to be presented to the King and Queen, and the various ladies were invited to a "curtsying class," which Ann did not attend.

It was rather amusing to hear some of the men say they wouldn't be bothered going to see the royal personages; one keeper of a small store near the Indian Reservation declared he would present the back bills of some of the Red Men to their "Great White Father" from across the sea, the Indians being wards of the Crown. Later I learned that those who said these things were first at the station when the royal train pulled in.

Well, the Wolf Cubs and Scouts drilled and drilled, and the color parties were instructed to dip the flags way down until the point of the staff touched the ground, a ceremony only performed in the presence of the King himself. As I was to be among the clergy and ministers and their wives to be presented, I could not be in charge of the Scouts, so my assistant scoutmaster, Mr. Edward Message, and my assistant cub scout master, Mr. Gordon Partridge, would be in charge. The whole town was decorated for the great day in the middle of May. It dawned bright, clear and cold. I had a new black suit, and was determined not to cover up my magnificence with my rather shabby overcoat, so I donned two sets of full-length underwear and an extra pair of socks.

We had front row seats and, despite my warm attire, I was none too warm. Some pansies, the Canadian Pacific Railway flower, were blooming in the station flower beds. Brave little flowers putting on the best show they could for the

King and Queen. We heard there was snow at White River, my old parish, and the Queen wore a fur coat.

The pilot train came twenty minutes before the royal train. It was a lovely train full of notables and press-men. It didn't matter so much if they were blown up, it appeared. All the railwaymen wore white coats and gloves and white gravel was laid between the tracks. We were all ready for the great event. The Scouts and Cubs were given a place of honor; and the mayor had promised to mention them to the King. Then we heard the train blow and, in a few moments, the train came into view. The great locomotive was painted all blue and silver as were the coaches; the train just gleamed and shone in the sun. We were all breathless. The train stopped. Then came the Prime Minister of Canada, the Rt. Honorable Mackenzie King, complete with walking stick. First, however, we were feasted with the splendor of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, all huge, tall men gleaming in scarlet and gold. Then came secret service men. At last, came the King and Queen, His Majesty looking very brown and fit, and the Queen, why she was simply lovely. Now all cheered and shouted; the band struck up God Save The King.

A nice little railed-in platform had been built for them, and they were escorted up on to it. The Mayor read a speech of welcome, then came the presentations, Ann and I among them. We shook hands with the royal couple, and the King remarked it was a nice day, and I agreed with him.

It became quite evident that the King and Queen did not intend to stay on their nice platform. The Queen made the break; soon they were down among the people. The wonderful thing was that the Queen went to exactly the people we hoped she'd go to; to the old war widow, the poor woman with the big family, a crippled child, on to one

after the other. The King did the same, picking out an old Royal Navy veteran and men and boys whom another might have overlooked. As they disappeared within the crowd I could see the mounties and those who were obviously secret service men getting quite anxious and concerned. Why do secret service men stick out as conspicuously as sore thumbs?

I was growing anxious. Were they going to visit my Cubs and Scouts? Yes, indeed, they were. The boys came to attention. The Scouts lowered their flags but the Wolf Cubs stood with mouths wide open in awe and wonder. They never lowered the Flag! The King and Queen shook hands and talked with Mr. Message and Mr. Partridge; then the Queen said "I wish you had a Girl Guides troop too." In saying this she did not realize that her words would start things moving for the girls. When the royal party entered the train we all had a lump in our throats; it was as if some very dear friends were leaving us. We watched as the train disappeared from sight, we could see the King and Queen waving to us until they became indistinguishable. The crowd moved off and it seemed as if we were lonely. Ann and I went home; then all four of us set off to Lake Superior. We could not stay in the house.

MISSIONARY DEVELOPMENTS

AT SCHREIBER I HAD ONLY THE ONE church. This was a novelty to me. I could reach all my parishioners by walking. On Sundays there were three services, and Sunday school. For a time I enjoyed this. Then after a time I began to wish I could start another mission and cast around to see if I could not find a field for expansion. An opportunity came my way when I was invited with Ann to attend a dinner given by the chamber of commerce to the office staff of the Heron Bay Ontario Paper Company.

At this function held in the Railway Y.M.C.A. dining room I met some fine people of the Ontario Paper Company, which is a branch of the pulp industry connected with the Chicago Tribune, the head of which was the late Colonel McCormick of Chicago. I met Mr. J. Davis, the manager, Mr. B. A. Furgerson, the cashier, and Dr. H. Veitch, the company doctor. The upshot was that I was invited to visit the company headquarters at Heron Bay and hold a service. In September, 1939, I made my first visit. It was sixty miles from Schreiber, and was one of the places I had occasionally visited when I had the White River mission years ago. Then, however, there was just a store, an eating place and a hotel. The advent of the Paper Company had brought life and activity to Heron Bay. The townsite was situated some two miles from the station, but at the station small buildings holding families had been built, and there was quite a little

settlement. There were two stores, McQuaig's and McCall's, owned by two good Scotsmen. There was also Albert's Hotel, and, later, another hotel. Thus the station settlement grew into quite a place. The townsite was truly a magnificent place with big modern homes, offices, hospital and the staff house. The latter was a big building, most comfortably and tastefully furnished. It consisted of a large sitting room with a wonderful fireplace, big arm chairs, and wall-to-wall carpeting; a nice dining room was adjoining, upstairs were the bedrooms and sitting rooms of the staff and also Colonel McCormick's bedroom.

I was royally received by Mr. Jim Davis, the superintendent, and Mr. B. A. Furgerson, the accountant, and their charming wives; also Dr. and Mrs. H. Veitch. I received free hospitality and was given Colonel McCormick's room lavishly furnished with a seven-foot bed. I used to wonder what would happen should the Colonel arrive to find an Englishman in his bed as he was reputed to be rather prejudiced against the English.

I soon became the chaplain of all the non-Roman Catholic people of the station settlement and the townsite. I began to minister right away and went twice a month, on Thursdays. I found a warm welcome from all. Our first services were held in the cook house where the men ate, and good numbers came out to church. I had a kind of evangelistic evensong and Dr. H. Veitch used to accompany us with his guitar. The good doctor was an apt player and really went to town on the hymns. I found he liked to "swing" the hymns a bit beating time with his foot and swaying his body to the tune; he was so used to playing at the dances. One night I played a trick on the doctor by giving him Rock of Ages; he could not swing that hymn. Mr. Furgerson took up our collections in his hat. Our church bell was the triangular iron gong on

the cook house which rang at meal times. Our congregation were most promising, and all sorts and conditions of men and women turned up. The superintendent and the other officials set a splendid example. Soon it was suggested that the big staff house sitting room would be much more cheerful and comfortable. I accepted the invitation, but only went there once as the people from the area around did not fancy such a luxurious church. We continued our cook house services until the fine new school house was completed; then we moved there.

I had Holy Communion in the staff house early in the mornings, then did a lot of visiting around and managed to get together a good Sunday school, or rather "Thursday school."

The Ontario Paper Company was so good to me; first they purchased all the hymn books and Prayer Books I needed, then they bought me a portable altar and its ornaments. We started a subscription to acquire a harmonium and, in three months, reached our goal. I made trips out to the lumber camps away in the woods; there were some fourteen hundred men in the camps. Again I had wonderful receptions. After some time I began to be asked to baptize the babies, which gave me a better and more secure footing among the people. As an Anglican priest I found myself a shepherd of people of all denominations. I tried to respect the sincere members of the various churches, and not to force them to become Anglicans, and I found myself making concessions. For instance, in some cases I omitted in the baptismal service the words promising to bring the child to the bishop to be confirmed by him. Families were transitory and quite a few would return to their various churches back home, and it seemed unfair to make Presbyterian and United Church folk promise that their babies would be confirmed. In this

way I was well received, and when another denomination wrote to the company asking if they should send their minister, the members of that particular body said they were well satisfied with the ministrations of the Anglican Church.

I have always found evensong with its psalms and Scriptural lessons a very acceptable and much-loved service. I used some extemporary prayers and encouraged lots of hymn singing. The Roman Catholic priest was an Irishman and a wonderful man. He did all he could to help me. When he discovered an Anglican or a member of some other church, he would inform me of him, and in turn I would put any Roman Catholic I discovered in his charge. The farther north one goes in pioneer missionary work, the less narrow minded people become. I had Roman Catholics dropping in to evensong and I know of our people going to the Roman Catholic services. When our faithful organist left us there was no one to play for evensong. The good priest came to me. "I hear you lost your organist," he said. I admitted it was true. "Well, I tell you what I'll do. You can have one of my men to play for you." He named a genial, devout Irishman. "He'll play for you, just tell him what you want." He was as good as his word, and Mike became our organist. He played the chants and hymns at evensong. The good fellow was a most lovable character, and as the Irish saying goes "did us proud" for many months. In fact, even after another person came who could play our organ, I still kept Mike until one day his priest tackled me. "Father," he said, "I hear you have somebody who can play your organ. As far as I am concerned you could keep Mike, but some of my old hens are starting to cackle."

The Heron Bay work every two weeks developed into an enthusiastic congregation, and we began to realize that we needed more than just services. In the evenings, there was

little to do but drink, and temptations were strong in an isolated community, so we organized wonderful social evenings in the staff house to which all were welcome. Old games, dancing and general merriment would continue until after midnight; and all respected the fact that it was under church auspices, so there was no evidencies of alcoholic tendencies. It was valuable, as the husbands and wives spent evenings together. There was always lots of food and good coffee.

I was able to organize the Ontario Paper Company boy scout troop, and the danger was that the company would spoil us by their generosity. We were presented with a magnificent set of colors which were solemnly dedicated. I was not in favor of uniforms being given, as I believe Scouts should work and pay for their uniforms and equipment. My Scouts have always introduced me to the surrounding country, and soon I was out on scouting expeditions into the rugged bush country round Lake Superior.

After several years we began to feel the desire for a real church building. Sitting at desks in a school house is not very comfortable, and blackboards are not the most inspiring backdrop for an altar. Moreover it was a fact that, whatever might happen to the Station Settlement, the townsite would be a permanent place for many years, as the beautiful homes, hospital, school and other buildings testified.

I was aware that Colonel McCormick appreciated the work being done at the Ontario Paper Company, and the local officials were warm in their praise and support. Indeed, at every Christmas I received a hundred-dollar check as a mark of appreciation, untold riches to us in those days. Also I was given church collections. I never asked for them, but I asked my Bishop about them and he said I was to accept them as a bonus.

One night I wrote a long letter to Colonel McCormick telling him all about the work. I did not dispatch this until I had consulted the local officials. They said they would warmly commend the erection of a church. After waiting for our request to go through channels, I was visited by one of the top officials. He said that the Colonel was in favor of something being done, and added that there were two suggestions. The first was that land would be set aside for two churches, one for us and one for the Roman Catholics; enough lumber also would be laid down for two buildings; but each of the congregations would have to erect the actual buildings themselves. The other proposition was that "if you two boys can get together" (the boys being myself and the Roman Catholic priest) and agree to use one building, then the company would build the church, but both congregations would have to work together to furnish it.

Well, "we boys" got together and decided to put the matter before our respective Bishops, and our congregations. We ourselves were agreeable to the one church idea, but I was not very hopeful. I was overjoyed when our respective ecclesiastical authorities agreed on the one church. Thus we all were committed to raise money jointly for the furniture.

One thorny problem arose: what name should the church bear, or to what Christian title should it be dedicated? We all repected the rather jocular suggestion that it be the St. Paul Bunyan Church because it was for forest men. Community Church did not find favor with our Roman brethren, so it found its own name as "The Church at the Townsite." No sooner had we decided to share the church than the company began work on the building, and we all set to work on money raising to furnish it. All sorts of church catalogues were assembled. A beautiful solid oak altar was chosen, and heavy oaken pews to match, a fine lectern and credence table.

We had our own altar cross and candlesticks, and the other priest had his. There were two vestries in the plans; when the church was completed we often borrowed from each other's supplies of wafers and wine, and Palm Sunday palms were shared, also candles were borrowed if one of us ran short.

I fear our money-making efforts might cause the raising of puritanical eyebrows. I must confess I was a bit non-plussed at first. However, in a new and pioneering community the ordinary ways and means of raising funds in old conservative circles would not have met with the same success; and as one wise philosopher remarked: "If we don't get the money most of it will be paid over the bars."

"Leave everything to us, preacher, don't worry about a thing, just come and join in the fun!" Accordingly I arrived after evensong at the staff house to see the beginning of the drive for the church; all had agreed there would be no drinking, and there was none. It was a self-imposed gentleman's agreement; had any gentleman broken it he would have been pitched out on his ear by "Big Bill." Big Bill, some 230 pounds of concentrated muscle, was a celebrated bouncer. With a cheerful grin he would heave up an averagesized man in each hand, crack their heads together, carry them down the room like two bad kittens, and toss them into the snow. He never drank, had a deceivingly soft voice, and was a gentle and loving father of a big brood. We got on famously together. I called him my bodyguard. He sat on the seat at the back during church service, but in the capacity of a worshiper, not as a bouncer I am glad to say.

I was warmly welcomed by a speech from an official of the company from Montreal. Then the drive began. First a bottle of excellent Scotch whiskey was sent around at a quarter a ticket. It was drawn for, the winner sent it off again. Three

times it made the rounds until it became the possession of a lady. She was greeted with cheers and many offers to see her home. Then came the big bingo game, then there were darts, games of skill. I noticed that some of the men were missing so I went exploring. I found them in the big basement room. They had organized themselves into the church poker team, and were, they proudly announced, doing quite well for the Church." Well, gentle reader, I will leave you to form your own opinion. Unorthodox as it may seem to some, I knew each and all of these men and I know their intentions were of the highest. It was a family affair. We all knew each other. If a man got hurt or a home was burned down, as one recently had been, these were the same people who were right on the job, from the superintendent and the doctor to the humblest workman.

When several hundred dollars had been painlessly extracted, prizes won and the evening closing, the big official, a genial soul, decided on one more money-making attempt. He called me forth, again delivered an eulogy that made me blush, then extracted from my breast pocket a cheap Eversharp pencil. "Friends," he cried, "good people everyone, what am I offered for this pencil? Now this is no ordinary pencil, this is the pencil of the Reverend R. C. Warder; what am I offered?" "Fifty cents, Madam! Now really, we will have our little joke, won't we? Come, come, do I hear a dollar?" Actually, the pencil brought eight dollars and fifty cents.

We finished up with coffee and eats, which were free as we assumed our patrons would be depleted financially. My good wife, who had been visiting with me all day, was very tired, and so was I, so we gratefully retired to the luxury of Colonel McCormick's big bed. About two A.M. we were awakened by a series of heavy thuds. Someone had fallen

downstairs. We were too tired to get up to see if the person had broken his neck. We listened; no, the person was coming up again. Again a crash and more thuds of a falling body; a few imprecations; again, whoever it was, was climbing the stairs. This time success was attained as was attested by a rousing cheer of "hurrah, I made it!" It must have been someone who had had "one over the eight." We never made inquiries.

As the church neared completion I was preparing a nice class of adults and children for confirmation. Bishop Rocksborough Smith had resigned as bishop, and Bishop George Kingston, who later became Archbishop and Primate of all Canada, was our new Bishop. He has since gone to his rest, but he was a kindly man, an able administrator, a profound scholar and a saint.

He was most interested in St. John's, Schreiber, and the missionary activities at Heron Bay. It was a joyful day for Schreiber when he made his first visit to us, for at long last we had paid off our mortgage, so there was a big confirmation service first, followed by a gathering of the congregation and the burning of the mortgage.

I planned that the Bishop would also visit Heron Bay, and great was the excitement among the good folk there. The divisional superintendent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, most generously placed his private railway car at the Bishop's disposal. It was a luxurious affair complete with parlor, dining room and bedroom; a cook was also provided. Moreover, it had its own engine and caboose, and was slated as a special. The Canadian Pacific Railway is a most considerate company. It was decided to fix up the church in grand style for the Bishop's visit. From the homes at the Townsite, carpets, chairs, vases and other treasures were loaned. In Canada, bishops are "lord bishops," and the

grand title seemed to impress those who were not Anglicans more than those who were. "How," I was asked, "does one address the Bishop?" I replied the term lord is just a courtesy title in Canada, and it is all right to call him that once if you want to, though he won't care a bit if you don't, but don't keep on "lording" him. I called to mind the story of the bishop in England who had to spend a night in a small village inn. The good innkeeper was quite overawed by his distinguished visitor, and he "lorded" him all the time, "Yes, me lord. No, me lord. Quite so, me lord." After the bishop had retired to his bed, the good host gave very detailed instructions to the pot boy, whose duty it was to carry up hot water in the morning to the guests. "Now listen," he said to the boy, "when you takes up 'ot water in the morning, knock on the bishop's door, wait until he answers, then say, 'It's the boy, me lord, with the 'ot water. Now mind you says it right." The poor boy repeated the formula over and over again. In the morning he carried the hot water up, knocked timidly on the door. "Who is there?" boomed the bishop. The boy choked and gasped, then blurted out, "It's the Lord, me boy, with the hot water."

On a visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury to an American home the small daughter of the family was instructed, "Now be sure to say 'Your Grace' when we introduce you to the Archbishop." The moment came. "Geraldine," beamed the proud mother, "this is the Archbishop of Canterbury." Geraldine folded her hands, closed her eyes, and said, "For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful; I'm glad to meet you."

On the "Episcopal Special" there was, of course, the Bishop, his chaplain and Mrs. Warder and myself; also the superintendent and his wife. We had a wonderful dinner; then, about two P.M., arrived at the Heron Bay station.

There the Ontario Paper Company officials met us, and we were whisked in a cavalcade of cars to the Townsite. We had supper and then visited until service time. We had a grand service at night, evensong and confirmation. The Bishop also baptized the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Furgerson. After church all repaired to the staff house for one of our famous social evenings. The Bishop was to go on to Fort Williams on the private car which was attached to the rear of the late night train. Mrs. Warder and I returned as far as Schreiber, then the Bishop's train continued on.

We were very tired when we got home and I did not get up until eight A.M. Then I heard there had been a bad accident to the Bishop's train. I rushed over to the station to inquire as to the mishap. I was terribly concerned to learn that the private car had broken away from the train and rolled down the embankment. By a miracle, the Bishop had escaped with a bad shaking up. The chaplain, Father Pearson, had sustained some cuts and bruises as had the assistant superintendent, Mr. McDonald. It was a blessing that the cook, who was not injured, had not lit the fire in the cookstove. He would have done so before long. The train was traveling at a good speed when the private coach whipped off, left the tracks and rolled on its side. It was badly smashed up. The lights were out, of course; the accident set the brakes on the train, which stopped some distance away. The brakemen hurried back and saw the private car lying down the embankment. It was dark and silent. They thought the people might have been killed. Other passengers now arrived. A sailor volunteered to enter the coach, which was lying on its side. He discovered the Bishop trying in the pitch-dark to locate his belongings. It took him some time to locate his watch. The Bishop was hauled out. Poor Father Pearson, the chaplain, had been pretty much bruised and

shaken up but he was much more concerned about the Bishop than about his own condition. He was heard by Mr. McDonald, the assistant superintendent, inquiring "where is my lord?" He was pulled up and out, then came McDonald, and finally the cook. They were taken on to the train and continued their journey. Though Bishop Kingston was shaken up more badly than he would admit, he proceeded right to St. Paul's Church, Fort Williams, and preached at eleven A.M. We had a special thanksgiving service for the preservation of the Bishop's life. I often wonder if the effects of this unfortunate accident did not in some measure contribute to the early death of Archbishop Kingston. His loss to the Canadian Church was a grievous one. He was a splendid man, equally at home with all sorts and conditions of men. In the few years he was Bishop of Algoma, he endeared himself to all. With profound scholarship and obvious holiness of life he combined the great Christian virtue of humility.

THE PRISONER OF WAR CAMPS

In 1943 I was interested in the big building projects that had been carried out at Neyes and Angler, two isolated and remote places in my mission area. I learned that they were prisoner of war camps for Germans captured in the Second World War. The one at Angler was for merchant seamen, privates and non-commissioned officers of the German Air Force and Army; the one at Neyes was for commissioned German officers. They were very large camps and garrisoned by the Canadian Veterans Corps. I soon heard that, among the Canadian personnel, there were many Anglican men; indeed, the commanding officers of both camps were Anglicans. Several men appeared in the Schreiber congregation, being on leave from the camps. These men expressed a desire on behalf of themselves and other men that they might receive the Holy Communion from a priest of their own church. I therefore undertook to visit the camps. I was well received by the commanding officer.

I proposed to visit the camps at regular intervals for the purpose of providing the sacraments to the members of the Anglican Church. There was a good proportion of both officers and men who belonged to the Church. Permission being granted, I had the experience of getting in behind the barbed wire. It gives one quite a strange feeling when the gates close behind one; I had felt this when, in my old

Church Army days, I visited with prisoners in their cells. I then found it important not to show any feeling but to be as much at ease and natural as when I entered the homes of my ordinary parishioners. There were in the camps a Roman Catholic and a Protestant chaplain; I took care not to intrude upon their official services and had my Holy Communion services on weekdays within the octaves of Easter, Christmas, Whitsuntide and other festivals.

I think that not being in uniform was a help; I took no money for my services but was given wonderful hospitality both in the officers mess and the sergeants mess.

The men had nearly all seen active service and many were veterans of World War I; old soldiers like to spin yarns and I heard of some wonderful experiences. There was such a fine fund of humor, I enjoyed my times with them very much. I liked to think that an outsider in no way connected with officialdom helped to bring the guards some relief from the monotony of their existence.

After one of my little services, I had a tough-looking old warrior with a fine row of ribbons come up to me and thank me. "Padre," he said, "do you know when I last received Holy Communion?" I said No. "Well," said he, "it was during the battle of the Somme in 1916, but it won't be so long again." Whereat I rejoiced greatly.

I enjoyed my visit to the P.O.W. camps. On one occasion, I obtained permission to take Bishop Kingston into the German compounds. The German commandants had to give permission before we could get behind the barbed wire. We were received with courtesy by the commandant at each camp, with much clicking of heels and smart salutes. As we entered the first hut our German host rapped out "Achtung!" Immediately all sprang to their feet and stood like ramrods. The Bishop asked if formality could not be dis-

pensed with. His request was acceded to. At Neyes Camp we met the cream of the German Luftwaffe; many had been captured in the Battle of Britain. They were fine young men in appearance, maintaining perfect physical condition. There were barons and "vons" among them, and they were both stiff and haughty. That Germany would win was their creed. They ordered a whole supply of Russian grammars so that they would be able to rule Russia when she was in the bag. They certainly lacked for nothing. Their uniforms were kept up and promotions in rank were received. Any suggestion that their imprisonment would be a long one was rejected with scorn. One of our officers was responsible for selling magazine subscriptions to the Germans. The literature was censored to some extent. He would say to some good stiff unbending Nazi officer: "Now I can offer you a real bargain on this magazine; you can get a five-year subscription at a greatly reduced rate." Coldly the man would order a three-month delivery.

There was agitation among the Nazis when the official Canadian dentist was rumored to be of Jewish origin. The idea of a non-Aryan pulling the tooth of a dedicated Nazi was too much. Perhaps they thought that the dental officer might extract reprisals for the Polish Jews on Nazi teeth.

At the Angler Camp were quite a few German merchant seamen. They were much more friendly than the military men. When Bishop Kingston was in Neyes Camp, he came on a German officer carving the figure of a priest. The work was quite good. "Why," inquired Bishop Kingston, "do you carve a priest?" The man who had risen respectfully to his feet looked at the Bishop. "Why do you ask that?" He went on, "Surely you don't think there are none here who are as religious as you are. We have several here who are reading

for the ministry." He then took us to meet two theological students.

The German prisoners of war were well looked after. Periodically the Swedish consul or his representative would visit the camps to see if there were any complaints. The quarters were spotless and the kitchens gleamed with cleanliness. It was rather pathetic to see the way men behind the barbed wire passed the weary hours. There were pets of all kinds—rabbits, chipmunks trained to do tricks and a faithful canine friend or two who were common property of all the men. Even a tame bird or two were in elaborately-made wicker cages. But the sight of men pacing up and down again behind the barbed wire fences was not a pleasing sight. Before Pearl Harbor and the entry of the U.S.A. into the war, abortive attempts were made to get word out to relatives in the United States.

In Neyes it was the custom on hot summer days, to march the men down to the shore of Lake Superior for a swim. Guards were posted at regular intervals, and a patrol boat went up and down to watch that no swimmer got away into the lake. It would, indeed, take a strong man to swim any great distance in Lake Superior, but these were supposedly supermen of the super-race. One officer had worked for weeks on a beautiful model of a sailing boat. It was an exquisite bit of work. During swimming periods he would sail the little ship. This went on day by day until one day there was an offshore wind. This was to be the day of the big attempt so, while the patrol boat was some way off, the owner of the boat set the sails and adjusted the rudder so that the little craft would sail across the lake. Away it went, hull down, for the U.S.A. Only by coincidence was it spotted away out by a quick-witted guard. The gasoline-engined

patrol boat went after it and retrieved it. It was taken to the colonel who opened it up and discovered hidden in the hull a whole lot of letters addressed to United States addresses. It was a bitter disappointment to those who hatched the little plot.

Sometimes there would be acts of insubordination. When a high-ranking British official was announced at one of the camps the Germans turned their backs on him and offered other insulting gestures. When the V.I.P. had departed the commanding officer sent for the German commandant of the camp. The big six-foot Nazi stood at strict attention on the carpet while the C.O. laid down the law. "And because of this behavior," roared the Colonel, "there will be no ice cream issued for a week, and no movies on Friday." On recepit of this dreadful pronunciation the German clicked his heels, saluted stiffly and departed.

In the Angler Camp, despite all outward appearances, all was not so calm underneath, because, away down in the earth, an escape tunnel was being dug for the big break. It was all very cleverly planned, yet, had Mr. Sherlock Holmes been on the job, he might have found the clue in "The case of the mysterious water tank deficiency." For weeks the shortage of water in the camps was racking the brains of the engineers. They even brought in outside experts, but the water tank kept losing water. Actually the busy beaver brigade was bringing up pockets full of sand from the tunnels and flushing it away down the toilets. With proper German thoroughness the entrance to the tunnel was gained by a trap door cut in the dormitory floor—the ends of the boards not being cut in a line, but uneven like the floor was laid. This was at the side of a cot. A man would sit reading innocently. When one of the guards came around he would idly tap away a tune with his booted foot. This would stop the men working below. As the tunnel progressed, the need for air was apparent, so the bottoms of empty milk tins were removed. They were soldered together to make a pipe line and air was pumped down by a fan. Months were spent in completing the tunnel. As men were digging, others were at work making necessary equipment. Food was being stored up, then maps were made, and so perfect was the detail that they were more detailed than the official maps of the area. Nobody knew where the information came from. It is certain that in some way or other it was brought in from the outside. For weapons, dagger-like knives were ground down from old carving or butcher knives, with handles and guard hilts cleverly fixed on. The men were to divide into groups, each group to have knives and maps. The compasses were very cleverly made. First little boxes were carved out of soft wood, glasses out of old panes of glass. From a few small spruce trees growing in the compound resin was procured to seal the glass in the groves. From a piece of stove pipe that had been magnetized from the indirect current, the compass needles were made. The compass points were printed on cardboard fixed in the bottom of the cases; the compass pointers were mounted on phonograph needles. The results were instruments as perfect and accurate as any compass that could be procured. The great break was planned for the middle week of May. For several nights before "Der Tag," scouting parties were actually sent out through the tunnel. The men had accumulated some Canadian money.

The day of the break had been a beautifully-warm May day. The sun had been warm but towards evening it cooled off and big clouds came up. There was no moon. It was, they thought, an ideal night. Water rising in the tunnel from the melting snow hastened their decision to go. I cannot remember the number that escaped, but it was considerable. Alas,

for all their clever planning and hard work the Germans had not reckoned on early spring weather on the north shore of Lake Superior. No sooner were they out than a late blizzard started. One got as far as Medicine Hat; the others were captured, some on the long bridges. A section foreman brought one in, holding a big snow shovel threateningly over the poor fellow's head. Some hid in boxcars, some refused to surrender, and some five were killed resisting arrest. They defended themselves with rocks. After a few days of the driving, wet snow, the miserable men were glad to be back again. Under guard, prisoners of the camp made a little cemetery, and the five dead Nazis were buried with full military honors, a firing party being provided by the Canadian soldiers. The cemetery was beautifully made by the Germans who used bits of rock for the path, and clumps of colored lichens and moss. They were brave men. I thought it was a bit mean when some florists in the city refused to sell them flowers for their comrades' graves. They even made up Nazi flags for the caskets. One of the five was some sort of a nobleman; his grave was raised just a bit higher than the others. Thus there were five lonely little crosses over five German mothers' sons in a far-off land; five crosses looking across Lake Superior. I used to feel quite sad as I saw those crosses from the train every two weeks.

Among my happier memories of Schreiber, the trout fishing there remains one of the most memorable. Dick, our boy, was at the age of intense enthusiasm, and happy were the days when we fished the lakes, rivers and streams for the speckled trout. On many a Saturday, Dick Spicer, one of the churchwardens, would take me in his canoe and seldom did we return empty-handed. The lakes were beautiful—clear, cold water, somber spruce forests throwing long clear shadows on the water, and great cliffs of rock falling sheer to the

water. Dick Spicer was a wonderful fly fisherman; he could get trout when no one else could. George Bailey, the other churchwarden, was a keen and patient fisherman. It was a happy parish; often we would all go off on a picnic for the day, walking to Lake Superior some four miles away. The men would carry the ice cream cans between them, others were laden with baskets of good food. Vigorous ball games were played on the firm sands of the lake shore. There were also other games of skill, including one in which prizes were given for wives knocking the pipe out of a dummy husband's mouth with a rolling pin. The women got so skilled at this that the men requested that it be discontinued. My own wife won the prize, so I agreed it would be better to discontinue the game. After a full day at the lake we would all trudge happily home, uphill most of the way. The good oldfashioned family picnic was a strength to the parish. It is just too bad such picnics have died out in many places.

The boys and men used to go off up the creek fishing, the smaller children played on the sands, while the older folk sat in the shade of the trees and had themselves a nice time. The good old driftwood fires would heat the big black picnic tea pot, and, above all, the black flies and mosquitoes had a good

time.

THE SUMMING UP

The time has come when this simple narrative of an equally simple country priest must, like all things, draw to a close. Our farewell to Schreiber was a triumphant one. We hated to leave, but I felt that I had about finished my ministry there. I knew they had heard all my funny stories. I felt, in an isolated place as Schreiber was in those days, a change of priest from time to time was beneficial. The church was in good shape, the mortgage was paid off; Sunday school youth group, Guides, Scouts and Cubs were flourishing; the new church at Heron Bay built and functioning. I began instinctively to grow restless, so we left Schreiber after many farewell parties were held and gifts were received. Bishop Kingston offered me Powassan, a mission near Lake Nipissing, about twenty miles from the city of North Bay, and nine miles from Calander, the home of the famous Dionne quintuplets. We would from time to time go to see the five little girls who lived, it seemed, behind barbed wire. I suppose such precautions were necessary, though I felt it was deplorable for youngsters to have to be so guarded and sheltered.

The Church of St. Mary the Virgin at Powassan had been recently built after the old church was destroyed by fire. It is a beautiful little church with a good basement room, and we were the first to live in the beautiful house that had been acquired for a rectory. Powassan was a typical Ontario small

country town. The people were agreeable, and our own church people kind and thoughtful. Captain George Ellsmere, one of the church wardens, had been most energetic in getting the rectory house fixed up. Also participating in this effort were Mr. J. B. Lake, the editor of the local paper, Mr. Edwin Skuce, the other churchwarden, and Mr. Douglas Selwood who had a farm; other men, too, were most cooperative. The Women's Auxiliary was a strong organization. Oh, what should we do without our faithful Women's Auxiliaries? In every place I have ever worked I have found these women, who put the men to shame by their constant hard work for the church—little groups that carry on, often under great difficulties.

I often feel that the clergy don't appreciate the Women's Auxiliary enough. I have heard priests criticize the members and officers of the Women's Auxiliaries; poking fun at them and giving them fancy names, when all the time the same women were working hard and often thanklessly for the church.

There was nothing for the young people, so once again, assisted by Mr. Leslie Whittaker, I started up the church scout troop and Girl Guides. Soon wolf cub scouts and guides were to be seen in their attractive uniforms. Good turns were the order of the day. A scout has to do a good turn each day before he can undo the knot in the bottom of his neckerchief.

Two small scouts were late for the scout meeting. The scoutmaster demanded to know the reason for their tardiness. "Please sir, we were doing our good turn for the day." "Indeed, and what were they?" "We took an old lady across the road." "Well, that should not have taken much time." "Yes, sir, but she didn't want to go." Well, the scouts of Powassan officially known at St. Mary's Powassan Troop No.

1 became, as in so many of my places, a pillar of strength.

Powassan was a large mission. With it were included St. John's Chisholm, a beautiful old church right in the woods. In the winter it became impossible to get to it, so there were no services after Christmas until spring. This arrangement did not suit me, so I used to have winter services in various homes. You cannot maintain a church by shutting it up for four months at a time. St. Mary's, Nippissing, was the oldest of the churches, and somewhat dilapidated. It was quite an historic old building built of logs covered with boards. We were able to have it improved quite a lot. St. Alban's, Restorte, was the furthest away, over twenty miles. This church had only been getting a service on the fifth Sundays of the month. I gave them two a month in the winter and four a month in the summer. The result was that it began to build up a lot. At Trout Creek, St. George's Church was closed and had been closed for years. The plaster had fallen in places and the rain was coming in. The Bishop obtained help and, with this and some money scraped together locally, the church was cleaned out and reopened for services.

The country around Powassan is very beautiful; pleasant, softly-rolling countryside with creeks and rivers, nice woodlands nestling here and there, many good farm lands. It was a pleasant rural pastorate. I often wonder why I only stayed two years. I could have stayed for many years. My wife was very fond of the place and the children were in good schools, but I got the itch to move. This strange urge to be on my way has been my guide from time to time. I had received an offer over the years from the Diocese of Eau Claire in northern Wisconsin, U.S.A.—an attractive offer of a large country cure—so I laid aside the cure of souls in the Powassan mission and, after many fond farewells, set out to find pastures new.

IN RETROSPECT

REACH THE END OF A SIMPLE NARrative written by a simple country mission priest of the Anglican communion. It has been a work of pleasure recording the tale of a country pastor. The country mission and rural church work is the backbone of the Church; from the country the city churches recruit their congregations.

The Christian communion with the strongest rural membership will be the foremost in vigor and strength among the churches. The church of Christ was born in the open air; the Sermon on the Mount, the teachings of the Master were chiefly imparted on the shores of the lakes. Nearly all the apostles and earliest preachers of the Gospel were men of the open spaces. I have found country folk instinctively religious. The soil and the mystery of growth, the simple and yet profound things of nature ever before their eyes, and the strength of the hills, the fury of the elemental storms—all these things are bred deep in the men and women of the countryside.

It is in the rural community that the home remains as the center of a rich family life, and the country church welds together all that is best and noblest in the aspirations of man. The saddest spectacle is that of a closed and boarded up country church. It speaks of the men and women who built it, and is a sad comment on a civilization that drains its population into the artificial and soul-shriveling atmosphere of the city. There is a trend setting in to return to the simple country life. Of course, cities there must be, but perhaps the age of atomic warfare may bring back people to the country. The great factories may have to be distributed to the countryside, the concentration of dense city populations may have to be broken up or face annihilation. Who knows?

My pen has conjured up before me many happy hours; faces and figures have come to new life before me; faithful men, women and children of all sorts and conditions of rural life. The little churches, the isolated school houses, and the lonely little homes. These are the people of the country, and they are the salt of the earth and the strength of our country. Even the stock exchange, or the many-storied skyscrapers, all things depend on bread, and bread symbolical of all food, is from the land or sea. So we realize that man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

The twenty-two years spent in the Diocese of Algoma will ever remain among my most treasured memories, and it is pleasant to know that under the present bishop, the Most Reverend William Lockridge Wright, D.D., Archbishop of Algoma, and Metropolitan of Ontario, the diocese is going on from strength to strength.

Archbishop Wright is maintaining and developing the great traditions of his saintly and self-sacrificing predecessors. Recently the diocese of Algoma has assumed full financial independence, and is now a self-maintained part of the Anglican Church of Canada. On recent visits to Algoma I was impressed by the wonderful condition of the churches, well kept and lovingly cared for, bespeaking the loving care and enthusiasm of the people under their vigorous, young and devoted Archbishop.

A visit to the newly remodelled Cathedral Church of

Saint Luke in the city of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, is well worth while, for around you you will see the memorials of many noble pioneer Bishops, Clergy and laity who served so well in their several generations. Many have labored, and now others have entered into their labors, may their hearts be stout and their labors undiminished in the building up of the Kingdom of God in Algoma.





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